

C N CALLING

We sailed wherever ship
could sail,
We founded many a
mighty State;
Pray God our greatness
may not fail
Through craven fears of
being great.

Number 1005

JUNE 25, 1938

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

**Willie Douglas
and the
Bunch of Keys**

See page 10

Thursday, 2d

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TELEVISION CONQUERS NATURE

The Sight That Knows No Horizons MARCHING ON AND ON

ONE of the astonishing things in this age of wonder is the way in which Man has beaten Nature, and it is exciting to see that television has done it again.

Every time we telephone beyond the next street we are beating Nature, for Nature by herself could never carry our voices from one town to another, and certainly not across the world as the telephone does. What we do is to convert sound waves which travel slowly and along a short distance into electric waves which travel swiftly for a long distance; and so we beat Nature.

What happens with television is that it enables us to see things which no human eye could otherwise see either by its own efforts or with the aid of a telescope. Human sight is limited by the horizon, but television will be the first instrument of sight man has ever conceived which is independent of horizons. It triumphs over them. It takes no notice of them. The successful working of a television set on a distance of over 200 miles brings this interesting scientific question into front-page news.

At first sight it might appear that, equipped with a telescope of sufficient power, we should see for ourselves the events that television brings to us; but with the most powerful lens ever devised we should be incapable of such a feat—not perhaps because the distance would be too great, but because the shape of the earth would forbid it.

Wireless, whether actuating speech or pictures, can follow the curve of the earth; it can run round the globe like water trickling round a ball; we cannot see round a mighty globe on which we are standing any more than a fly, perched on a football, can see the opposite side of the object on which it is resting.

The farthest we can see on a plain or on the sea at a height of five feet is rather less than three miles, such being the distance of ourselves from the horizon. Of course we increase our range of vision by ascending a height; we can see 29 miles from the top of a mound 500 feet high, and the distance mastered by the eye would necessarily vary with each hundred or thousand feet we climb.

Looking Out From Ben Nevis

But from the top of Ben Nevis, just over 4400 feet high, the supreme height in Great Britain, we can still see little more than 84 miles, while if we rest on a mountain more than four times the height of Ben Nevis, 20,000 feet, the remotest horizon available to our sight is only 186 miles away.

But television, with its ability to direct its waves with their images in close contact with the earth, brings us its marvels of moving pictures twenty, thirty, forty miles beyond the horizon visible from the loftiest mountain top

in Europe, and the day is assuredly coming when it will transmit its scenes round the world, picture and sound traversing the entire globe in a fifth of a second.

Thus the newest development of wireless has almost at a bound achieved the seemingly impossible by enabling us to see occurrences, while they are actually in progress, far beyond any horizon previously visible to anybody but the occupants of balloon or aeroplane.

Where Earth and Sky Meet

For mortal vision the horizon is the circular line formed by the apparent meeting of earth and sky, beyond which there is no seeing; for wireless—speech, music, pictures—there is no horizon.

Television has great difficulties before it, and may not be for years as familiar to us all as broadcasting; but there is no doubt that there are surprising possibilities in store for us, and we believe there is to be a big development soon. In any case, it goes marching on.

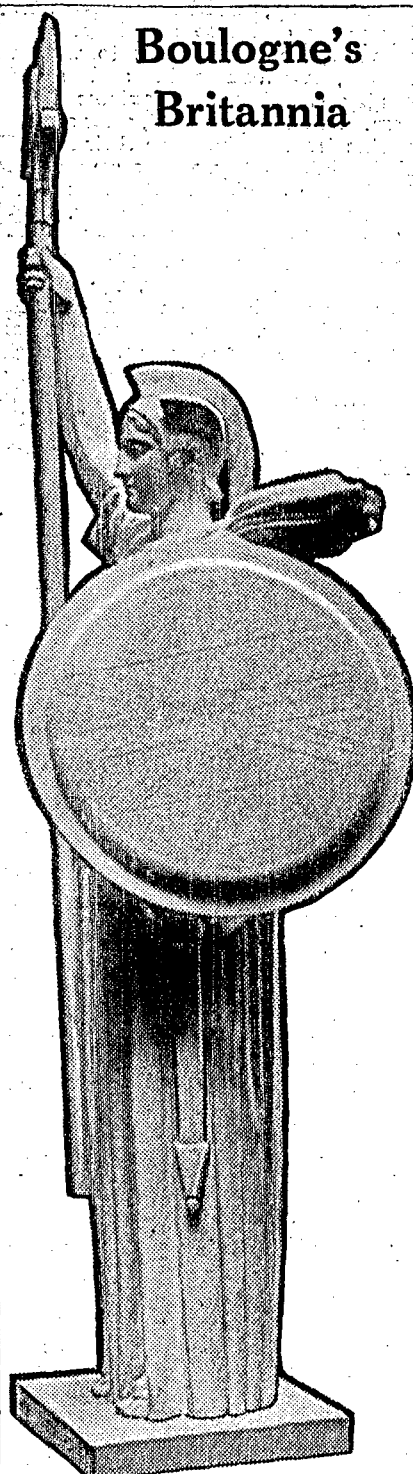
Poor Hippo

A full-grown hippopotamus which strayed on to the line near Fontesville, in Portuguese East Africa, has been killed by a train running from Southern Rhodesia to the port of Beira.

It is very rare for the hippo, so timid and retiring generally, to come out of the water and climb on to a metalled railway bank with trains passing to and fro.

Fortunately the driver of the train saw the animal in time to slow down, and thus avoided a serious accident to everyone—except poor hippo.

Boulogne's Britannia



This splendid statue of Britannia, set up at Boulogne to commemorate the arrival of the British Expeditionary Force in 1914, is to be inaugurated next week as King George arrives for his State visit to France

SHIVERS AND QUAKES

The Earth Trembles in London

WHEN an earthquake, starting somewhere east of Greenwich, came so far as to stop one of the Royal Observatory's clocks and to shake floors from Hampstead to Herne Hill many who had not felt it refused to believe in it.

It was such an unaccustomed happening for our sedate island that we forget such tremors of the earth are always occurring farther from home. As near as Austria they are common, and we learnt from a young Austrian (who perceived the London tremor and identified it at once as due to earthquake disturbance) that his recognition of it came from having often felt shocks of the same but of a more disturbing kind in Vienna.

Of Frequent Occurrence

Other lands near and far are more often shaken. In the West Indies earthquakes are common, as they are in New Zealand, and in many other regions where high mountains on a coast run down to ocean depths, or where there are some unaccountable cracks, most often hidden beneath the ocean, in the earth's crust.

Japan is in one of the worst positions for receiving earthquake shocks, which may come up to her from the south in that archipelago of islands where Krakatoa blew up fifty years ago, or from the east, where the shores of Japan run steeply down to the Tuscara Deep, the hole in the ocean that is five miles deep. Both east and south there are dangerous weaknesses in the earth's crust, which is continually breaking down while it is endeavouring to adjust itself.

Earthquake Swarms

Such regions, of which there are a number distributed all over the earth, produce the strong earthquakes, the reverberations of which are felt throughout the world and are registered on the instruments of the earthquake observatories. There are 150 of these "strong earthquakes" every year, and Japan has one a month.

But from the smaller tremors Japan is rarely free. The earth gives a shiver every ten minutes. There are 60,000 of such earth tremors every year, mostly felt only locally, and Japan at times, when what are called earthquake swarms occur, may have as many as 64 a day.

We may wonder whether this continual shivering uncertainty of the earth's crust has anything to do with moulding the Japanese character.

Books

By One Who Writes Them

Mr Horace Vachell has been talking of books to the boys of Ottershaw College, Surrey, and this is one of the things he said.

We should judge a book on points, and there are ten outstanding qualifications of perfection: story, plot, style, characterisation, imagination, credulity, right balance of narrative and dialogue, wit, humour, and perhaps best of all, charm. We should acquire a critical faculty because it is stupid not to be able to give a reason for likes and dislikes.

WHAT HOPE FOR SPAIN?

The Brand of Cain

Still the cruel war in Spain takes its toll of men and women and children.

As General Franco's well armed and disciplined forces press harder on the Republicans and draw nearer to Barcelona the more furious grows the resistance of Catalonia, the last stronghold of his enemies. Why should they be enemies? All are Spaniards. But the struggle long ago ceased to be a Civil War; it is a war kept alight by an unending supply of submarines, or bombing planes, or tanks, or guns to the sides that are fighting, brother against brother, father against son, with foreign mercenaries to keep them at it.

More than eighteen months ago the C N wrote that for the sake of Spain, for the sake of the peace of Europe, and for the sake of humanity this struggle should be ended; and the only way in which it could be stopped was by cutting off the fuel of strife, the supply of war munitions.

When Will It End?

Eighteen months ago! And the supply of munitions and men from outside, by nations who have no interest except a sordid one, continues—and with it the mounting loss of life and the piling up of injuries. General Franco now declares that it cannot be finished before the end of this year. We remember his saying that it would be finished before the end of 1936.

The war must end some time, but whenever it ceases the unhappy country will be tormented by memories of cruel and wicked injuries inflicted by either side, and these are infinitely harder to forget when they have been done among kinsmen than when the struggle has been between nations.

Great Britain's hands are free from share or part in this struggle. She has stood aside and done her best, often under severe provocation, to refrain from any word or deed which would prolong it. She has nothing to gain in any way. Her sole aim has been peace. But what about the other nations, which have stood round like spectators of the bull ring, inciting the fighters by their acts, their promises, and their aid? There will be no gain for them; but on them will rest the guilt of being accessories to murder. Can they, before the bar of Eternal Justice, offer the excuse of Cain: Am I my brother's keeper?

A Nation Must Make a Stand

By Mr Eden

There must always be a point at which we, as a nation, must make a stand, and we must clearly make a stand when not to do so would forfeit our self-respect and the respect of others. That is the only sure guide in private or in public relations. Without it we shall drift into ever-widening confusion.

This country desires to be on terms of friendship with every foreign country whatever its political creed, but the disregard of engagements, the merciless bombing of open towns, the deliberate sinking of British merchant ships—with the best will in the world how can these things be the foundations upon which true friendship can be laid?

Pronunciations in This Paper

Aepyornis	E-pe-or-nis
Chungking	Choong-king
Hokkaido	Hok-ky-doc
Ophiuchus	O-fe-u-kus
Pontateuch	Pen-ta-tuke
Tokachi	Toe-kah-che
Ximenes	Zim-e-nees

Uganda's Florence Nightingale

Over forty years ago Sister Katharine Timpson set out from Guy's Hospital to open a medical mission in Uganda.

The work of that medical mission has spread through East Africa. Her share in it is ended, but the African mothers and children to whom her mission gave health and life and healing will long remember her.

East Africa was a very different place when Sister Timpson and young Dr Albert Cook landed at Mombasa. There was no railway, and little transport. The tiny party of Nurse and Doctor and some missionaries set out to walk to Uganda, through wild and savage country, carrying their equipment with them. When they arrived, after a three-months trek, they set up their medical mission in a smithy, with a saucepan to sterilise the surgical instruments and a rough camp bed for urgent cases.

The smithy grew and became known as Mengo Hospital, where Sister Katharine became Mrs Albert Cook, the matron, after her marriage to the doctor, her life-long helper. He became Sir Albert Cook, and she Lady Cook; but throughout all the country where their welfare work now extends she will always be better remembered by the title the people gave her, the Florence Nightingale of Uganda.

SIR JOHN REITH A National Figure

There is a feeling of regret throughout the nation that Sir John Reith is leaving the B B C.

He is on the young side of 50, yet he has made himself a national figure of great repute at home and fame abroad. No man of our time has so deeply influenced the social and mental make-up of the British people; it may perhaps be said that no man has ever in 16 years set his mark so inefaceably on the life of the nation.

He gives up control of the best broadcasting system in the world, moulded by his own genius and strength of character; and it is good to know that he is to be at the head of another incomparable organisation of the Empire, Imperial Airways.

Sir John Reith is a unique man, and he leaves one unique position for another, both with momentous possibilities in shaping the destinies of our race.

Miles of Rhododendron and Azalea

A rare treat has lately been given to people living in Stockport and the villages round about.

Just for the asking they could have a permit to visit Emwood Hall at the head of the Goyt Valley. In the grounds of this lovely old hall, now under the care of the Stockport Waterworks Committee, is one of the most magnificent displays of rhododendrons and azaleas in the country.

Imagine a path two miles long through a wood of nothing but giant rhododendron bushes and azaleas, picture a rushing stream leaping down a rocky channel, imagine this path winding through banks of azaleas climbing 200 feet on each side, and you have a faint idea of the wonderful spectacle which has just been seen by a great multitude of people near Stockport.

The Nest in the Storm

In a thunderstorm at Hildenborough in Kent the chimney-stack of a grocer's shop was struck and wrecked. In the chimney was a starling's nest, but, although the brickwork all round was shattered, the nest was undamaged and the parents continued with the bringing-up of their babies.

RECORD MAKERS OF THE TEST

What of the Next Man In?

If the Test Match at Lord's, which begins on Midsummer Day, keeps up the reputation made at Nottingham we may see England or Australia setting up new records.

Apart from Stanley McCabe's stubborn fight for Australia in the first innings most of the honours as well as the records were taken by England's batsmen. In this match, in which seven centuries were scored, nine records were broken.

England's new records are several. There is the 216 not out of Paynter, the sturdy little Lancashire man who once won a Test Match at Adelaide by getting up from a sick bed to make 80 when it was worth more than many centuries. To all intents and purposes it won the match. A score of 216 not out is not the highest score made in England in a Test Match (in the same match McCabe made 232, and Don Bradman made 334 at Leeds in 1930); but it is the highest score made by an Englishman in England in a Test Match against the Australians.

Paynter had also a share of making the highest score for the fifth wicket, 206, shared with Compton, the young lad of twenty. With Barnett, Hutton, and Compton he completed a new record for Test Matches of four individual centuries made in one innings. They helped to the total of 658 for eight wickets, the highest for a Test innings by England. Together Hutton and Barnett made one more record of 219 for the first wicket for England in England.

Last to be mentioned are the centuries made by Hutton and Compton at their first appearance in a Test Match. They join the gallant band who thus won glory at their first bid. But Hutton and Compton, the youngest player to score a Test century against Australia, were younger than nearly all the others.

Australia too made some new records. The score of 427 for six wickets was the highest ever made in a Test team's second innings. Bradman made his 13th century in the Tests, thus beating the record held by Hobbs.

An Old Book Comes Together

Somebody once tore out 32 pages from a book printed by Caxton in 1491.

The other 116 pages were not lost. They passed from collector to collector, and their last home but one was in Lord Dysart's library at Ham House. Meanwhile the 32 pages passed to the British Museum, where so many rare things find their final refuge.

For forty years the two parts of Caxton's Book of Divers Ghostly Matters have dwelt apart at opposite sides of London, the smaller part in Bloomsbury, the larger in Petersham; but the other day the Ham House Library was sold and the British Museum seized its opportunity. It bought the 116 pages for which the 32 have waited so long, and now the book Caxton printed 450 years ago is joined and made whole again.

A Ticket Longer Than Himself

A ticket six feet, eight inches long (eight inches taller than the passenger) is being issued by Imperial Airways.

It is issued to Mr W. L. Lang, an official of the Air Ministry, who is going to Africa to make a survey for his department. He will fly to Lourenço Marques, and then return to London, calling at each alighting area on the way back. Each stopping-place adds four inches to his ticket, which will be issued in 20 sections. It is the longest ticket ever issued by Imperial Airways.

LITTLE NEWS REEL

A Royal Commission is to inquire into the social conditions of Jamaica.

A tablet to William Whiting, writer of the hymn *Eternal Father, Strong to Save*, has been unveiled in Winchester College cloisters.

Godfrey Slater, a Matlock boy of 14, has gained his glider certificate, and is the youngest glider pilot in England.

Three men formed a human chain in the sea at Bridlington to rescue a child.

Cruel frosts have shrivelled up the leaves of all the beech trees and hedges in Skye, so that the countryside looks as if it were autumn instead of early summer.

The Berlin police had a busy time the other day, for in a big drive against reckless driving, unsafe cars, and careless parking they dealt with over 2000 offenders.

The British Government Pavilion is the most-visited building in Glasgow's Empire Exhibition, on busy days 12,000 people passing through in an hour.

Cecil Rhodes's old home at Bishop's Stortford, which has been made into a museum, will be opened to the public next month.

Seven nations have joined Great Britain in a protest to Germany against the non-payment of Austria's debts.

Mr J. Blatchford of Ipplepen, Devon, who at 88 claims to be the oldest chorister in the country, has been a member of the Ipplepen Methodist Church choir for 79 years.

Since Herr Hitler assumed power 55,000 refugees from Germany have entered the United States.

A ship recently reached London from New Zealand with her cargo of meat and apples in gas-filled chambers; food was successfully shipped in this way for the first time last year.

THINGS SEEN

Bats flying round a rector's head as he preached in Norfolk.

Snow falling in June, at Blackburn.

A grand piano sliding across the floor during the earthquake shock in London.

A lorry load of fish uncovered in the streets of Nottingham.

A cigarette packet thrown on the floor at an anti-litter conference in Paris.

THINGS SAID

France will not let force become the arbiter of all human relations.

French Prime Minister

I want to build a bridge from the old League of Nations to the new.

Mr Oliver Stanley, M P

Whatever else the Great War did, it did not make the world safe for Democracy.

Mr Eden

We are becoming a nation in perpetual movement.

Bishop of Durham

If you know something well you will count in the world, but if you know nothing well you will not.

Dr Cyril Norwood

I would put the proportion of Germans who are in steady passive resistance to Nazi rule at not less than 60 per cent.

Mr Wickham Steed

It would be a good thing if scientists went on strike as a protest against their discoveries being used to destroy life.

Sir James Irvine

There is less liberty in Europe today than at any time for centuries.

Mr Eden

If a country is to succeed the people must talk of more uplifting things than pools, horses, and dogs.

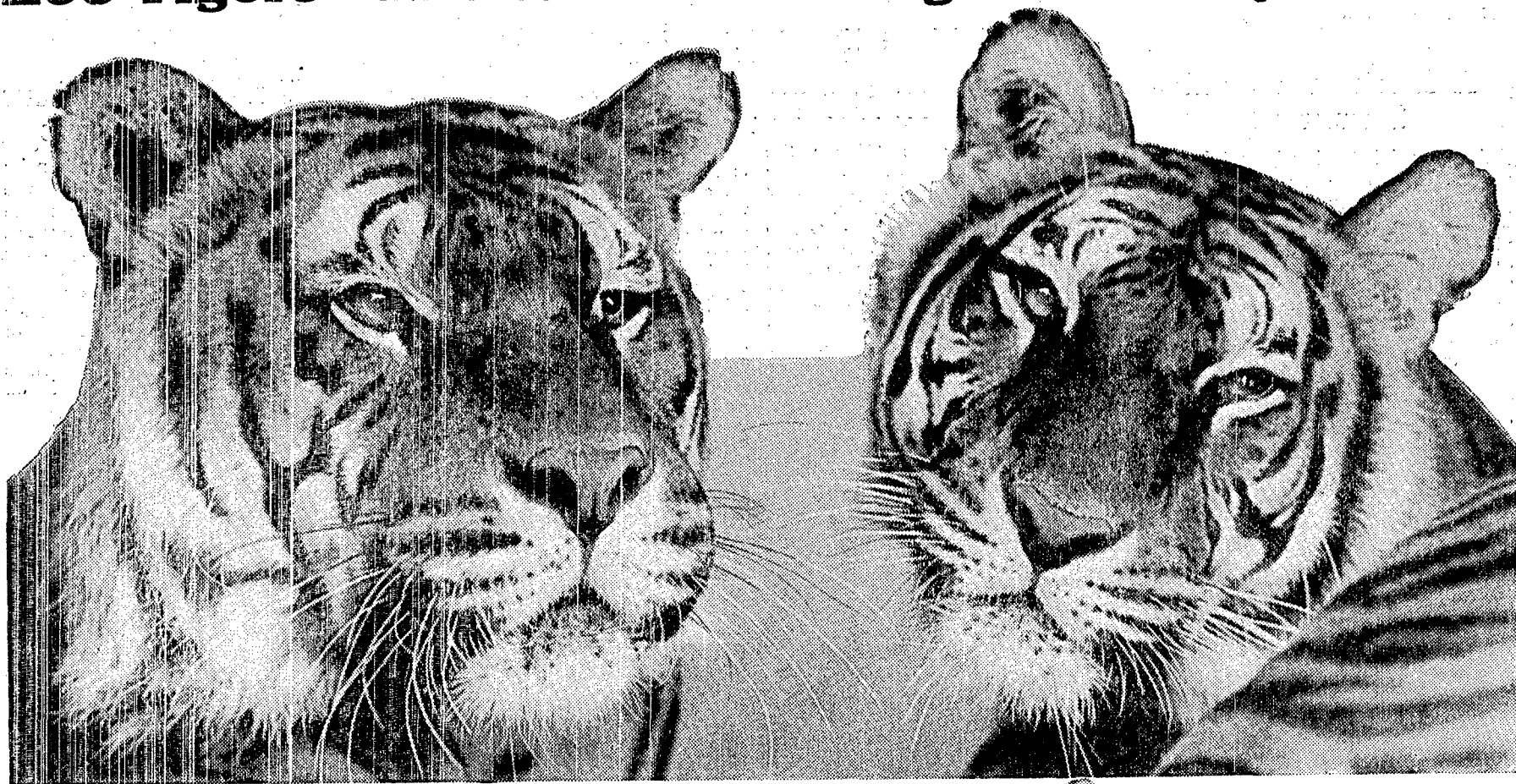
An Australian statesman

June 25, 1938

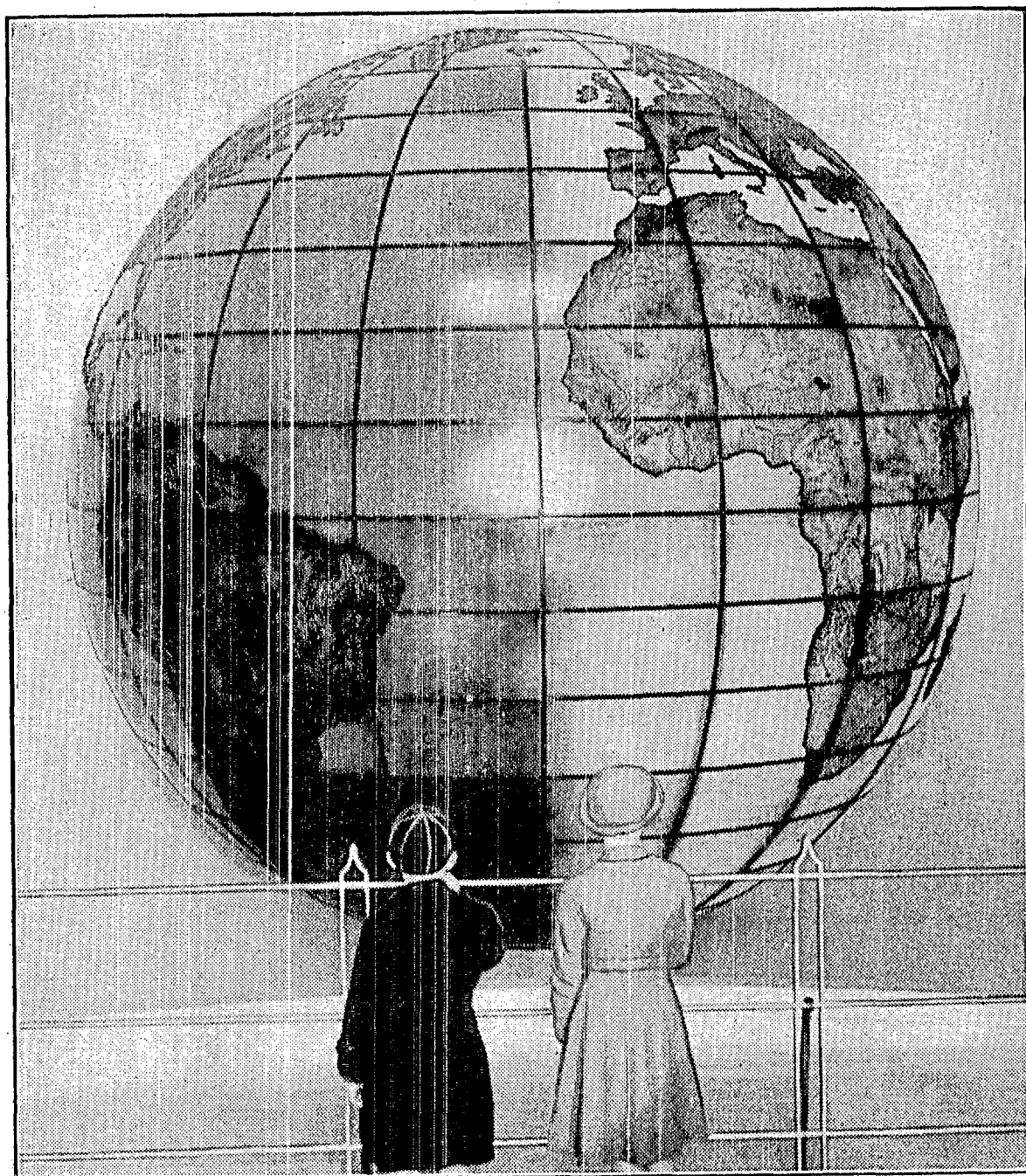
The Children's Newspaper

3

Zoo Tigers · The World at Glasgow · A City Beadle



Zoo Tigers—An unusual close-up view of a splendid pair of tigers



The World Rolls On—This great revolving globe is one of the many interesting things to see in the United Kingdom Pavilion at the Glasgow Exhibition



An Old-Time Figure—The stately bearing of the beadle of All Hallows, Barking-by-the-Tower, the famous Too H church

THE MOSQUITO AND THE POISON FLOWER

A Check on Malarial Stowaways

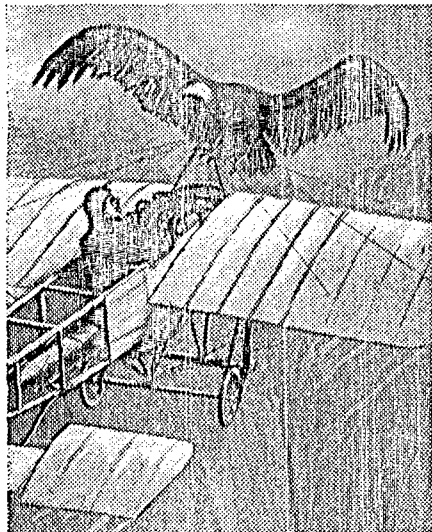
A successful step has been taken to put an end to the journeys on aeroplanes of stowaway mosquitoes.

On an Imperial Airways liner which visits the tropical parts where mosquitoes luxuriate 500 of the insects were shipped, not as stowaways but as prisoners. When the air-liner was over Southampton their cages were opened and the mosquitoes were free to go on their unlawful occasions. But not for long.

Before their release every corner of the ship was sprayed by a new apparatus which discharged a special insecticide. The insecticide spray did not inconvenience the plane's human passengers (among whom were medical experts), but it proved deadly to the mosquitoes. Not one survived.

Their destruction was not stranger than the insecticide which brought it about, a fine powder made from a flower growing on the sunnier slopes of

The Bird and Its Rival



It was suggested that a plane disaster in South Africa may have been caused by a vulture striking the wings; such a possibility was anticipated in this picture by a C N artist when flying began

Kenya, above the marshes where the mosquitoes breed in millions. If they are of the anopheles variety they may scatter malaria wherever they go.

It is not unusual for Nature to provide the antidote in the neighbourhood of the poison, but the use of a poison flower to destroy the poisonous mosquito is one of the most unexpected of her devices. The discovery of it will remove a threat which has hung over countries far distant from the haunts of the malarial mosquito, or of the mosquito carrying the germ of yellow fever, ever since the plane furnished rapid transport over the globe.

A mosquito cannot travel far on its own power, and is a sickly tourist by sea. But many authorities have long suspected that it might easily survive a swift passage by plane, and carry the germ of disease from one continent to another.

By giving the mosquito a poison from its own home town Imperial Airways have found a way of removing the peril, and all their liners coming from the tropics will make use of it. If only all planes could be made safe for democracy, and were confined to spraying death within instead of without!

The Balloon on the Bus

Liverpool Passenger Transport Committee lately decided to recommend the City Council to prohibit the carrying of inflated toy balloons on Corporation motor-buses and tramcars.

A hydrogen-filled balloon thus carried recently exploded and injured a child.

LADY ABERDEEN TO THE CN

Will You Do This For Peace?

THE PAVILION AND THE GARDEN AT GLASGOW

We print with much pleasure this appeal from the Marchioness of Aberdeen on behalf of the Peace Pavilion and Peace Garden at the Empire Exhibition.

The Editor would be grateful to any C N readers who will send a mite or a pound or a hundred pounds to Lady Aberdeen for this sowing of the seeds of Peace. It is what the C N lives for, and nothing could be more fitting than that we should have our place in this corner of the great Exhibition which is attracting so many people this year.

Dear Readers of the C N,

You have all heard of the great Empire Exhibition at Glasgow. It is a wonderful sight, and by night a perfect fairyland of colour and beauty.

This great Exhibition is to try to show to the world something of the work of the British Empire.

Many of us believe the greatest service our great Commonwealth of Peoples can offer is to lay the foundations of Peace. So we built a Pavilion to try to give that message.

Brothers All

We chose as our architect Mr Alistair MacDonald, son of Mr Ramsay MacDonald, and a week or two ago you had in the Children's Newspaper a very fine photograph of it. I wonder if you would come with me and pay it a visit. We shall find it at the west end of the Exhibition, not far from the Highland Clachan.

You run up a few steps to enter, and as you go up you see above your head the great message of Robert Burns

*That man to man the world o'er
Shall brothers be for a' that.*

As you swing open the doors you see a huge model of the Palace of Nations at Geneva; its size will give you some idea of the space required for the beneficent activities carried on there of which the world knows so little.

Now turn to your right, and you see a small alcove. Here we try to show what war costs in money and human sorrow. Right in the foreground of the picture is a little child playing with a great gun, all unconscious of the destruction it can cause. On a round pillar is a photograph of the frieze on the beautiful memorial in Princes Street Gardens, Edinburgh, given by Scottish American societies in memory of the Scots who fell in the war.

The Good Policeman

Passing on, there is a picture designed to show 17 occasions when war was averted because men sat round a table and talked about their quarrels sensibly. We hear a good deal about the times when they did not do this, and we are terribly sad and disappointed about it, but the picture shows us that there is a way if the nations will follow it.

The next two walls show the work the League is doing to promote real friendship. Here, for instance, are the League doctors and nurses, and other representatives fighting plague and disease, stopping the drug traffic, trying to heal the sufferings caused by wars; and there are workers appointed to do what is possible for the thousands of homeless refugees who now belong to no nation, and are seeking a country where they may live in peace. The League is acting as a good Policeman, watching over those who cannot protect themselves.

Knowing that true peace can only come when the conditions of all peoples are better, we see the work done in stamping out such evils as slavery, ensuring better work and better wages for all workers all over the world, and improving conditions for child workers everywhere. Then in the Eastern Wall (facing the Sunrise) is a great Call to unite for Peace.

Let us go out by a door at the other end of the Pavilion and we find ourselves in a garden. This is an attempt to reproduce in a small way some items of a wonderful International Garden on the borders of America and Canada, as near as possible in the very centre of that vast continent, where the garden has been laid out as a pledge of abiding peace between the two nations. The path you walk on stands for the Frontier, and in the middle is the Peace Cairn, a replica of the cairn in America. On our Cairn are being laid stones from many lands. The first stone was one from Iona, laid in the name of the Church of Scotland. There is a bit of grey granite from Balmoral, given personally by the King on the opening day of the Exhibition to be laid on the Cairn in his name, and a piece of black granite from Australia laid by the Governor-General.

There are seats in the Garden where we can rest and look at beds of flowers from various parts of the world, and at certain hours we hear the lovely bells from the Peace Tower, on the top of which is a globe representing the world. The bells are loaned to us by the founders (Gillett & Johnston of Croydon) and are very easily played. Boys and girls from some of the Glasgow schools come regularly to play them. When the King and Queen came on the opening day the bells greeted them with "Here's a Health unto His Majesty."

Gifts Great and Small

So you will see that we are trying to make everyone who comes to the Exhibition think of Peace.

The Pavilion is being paid for by gifts, some large and many small, and no gifts have been more welcome than those from the boys and girls. One school in Glasgow raised enough money to pay for all the roses in the Garden. Perhaps there are grown-up people who read the C N (and there are lots of us who do, and love it) who will like to help too. In America and Canada many thousands of children belonging to the Junior Red Cross are combining to send in gifts for the beautifying of the great Peace Garden there, and it would be lovely if C N readers would do the same here.

If they will send their gifts to me (Lady Aberdeen, Gordon House, Aberdeen) I shall be grateful, and I shall especially value gifts from boys and girls, for your gifts will help us (especially old folk who are very unhappy about the sad state of the world just now) to believe that the day is coming when you who are growing up will join together in all countries to banish war for ever from the earth.

Your fellow-reader and admirer of the C N,

ISHBEL ABERDEEN AND TEMAIR
President, Peace Pavilion Committee

A Queer Orchestra

Anyone who listened to the North Regional Children's Hour the other day heard a most unusual orchestra.

The boys of Alport School, Malpas, Cheshire, with the help of their headmaster Mr Yates, have made their own instruments—out of all sorts of scrap.

The string quartette is provided with viola, violin, bass, and cello, made of plywood; the xylophone is made of bundles of firewood played with a shoe-horn. The queer instrument known as the cyclophone is rather appropriately made with bicycle bars; the dulcimer is made of nails and string; and one enterprising lad gets music out of an old saw. Another uses jam jars and bottles filled with water; still another manages with rusty curtain rings.

The total cost of the instruments was less than a pound.

SION COLLEGE AND ITS BIBLES

Our Next-Door Neighbour Shows Its Treasures

The C N has just paid a call on its next-door neighbour to see the treasures it is displaying in its noble library in memory of that great event of four centuries ago, the setting up of the Bible in our parish churches.

The Great Bible which was printed by the orders of Thomas Cromwell for this purpose is here in the midst of many earlier and later copies of the Scriptures, which are among the treasures of this 300-year-old institution on Victoria Embankment.

The Treacle Bible

The Great Bible was not the first complete Bible printed in English, for in 1535 Coverdale's Bible had been printed at Zurich, and the copy owned by Sion College is dedicated to Henry the Eighth and Queen Anne. It is better known as the Treacle Bible, because the word treacle is used for balm.

Translated a few years earlier is a copy of Tyndale's Pentateuch, which was printed at Marburg by Hans Luft in 1530, the copy here showing the marginal notes cut away by request of a bishop. Of Tyndale's New Testament no absolutely perfect copies exist. The best (which only lacks the title-page) is at the Baptist College at Bristol, and the other is in the Library of St Paul's. But in the British Museum is a set of the first ten sheets, which were printed earlier (in 1525) at Cologne before the editors fled to Worms to begin printing again. Sion College is very proud, however, of the 1552 edition printed by Richard Jugge in London. Jugge printed another Bible shown, the Bishop's Bible of 1568, while there is also the Genevan Bible, in which the text was first divided up into verses.

Polyglot Versions

There were two printings of the familiar Authorised Version of 1611, distinguished by the words He and She in the verse in Ruth which reads "She went into the city": Sion College has the inaccurate copy.

There is a beautiful copy of the first complete Bible printed in Greek. It was issued by the Aldine Press at Venice only two years after the death of its editor, the famous Aldus Manutius.

Philip of Spain was the patron of one of the fine sets of volumes of the Polyglot Bibles, the eight volumes of this second version superbly printed at Antwerp. The earliest Polyglot in its six volumes is here too; it was paid for by Cardinal Ximenes in the first 20 years of the 16th century. The third Polyglot of 1645 lies beside it, and so does the Royal version printed in London and dedicated to Oliver Cromwell; at the Restoration the two dedicatory pages were torn out, and others dedicating the work to Charles the Second were put in their place.

First Book Printed in English

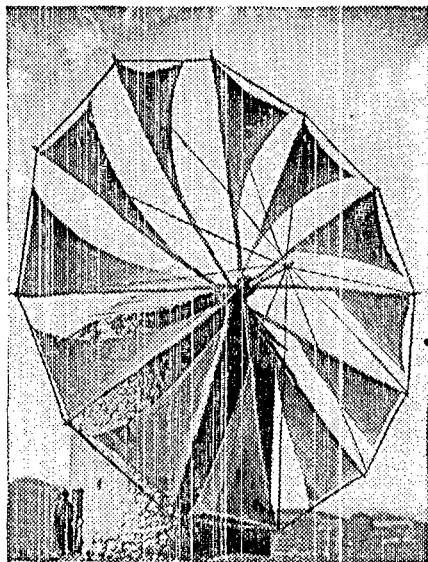
These printed volumes lie open on the tables, but in cases are others of the Sion treasures, a beautifully written copy made in 1420 of Wycliffe's Old Testament, and a French Latin Bible of 1275. There is a psalter with coloured initials which belonged to Simon Meopham, Archbishop of Canterbury in the first years of Edward the Third's reign, and in curious contrast is Richard Hill's Psalms in shorthand, dated 1628.

Sion College has among its precious possessions four works by Caxton, including the first book printed in English, and the medieval encyclopedia by Bartholomeus, the finest known work of Wynken de Worde—the man who brought printing into Fleet Street and lies in St Bride's, the parish church nearest to this fascinating library of Sion College, with the Wren steeple seen so often in the C N, on page six.

A BOY FROM THE PIT

We raise our hats to William Stanley Foster; he left school when he was 14 to become a miner, and now, at 21, is to go for four years to Birmingham University.

Six feet tall, fond of cycling and sport; this son of North Wingfield, near Chesterfield in Derbyshire, intends taking a mining degree. He has been working hard seven years, for when his day in the pit was done he began his studies at home or at night classes. Now a Miner's Welfare Scholarship has been awarded to him, which will pay his fees, give him a maintenance allowance of £135 a year for four years, and provide him with £40 for his outfit.



A curious windmill on the island of Kos, in the Aegean Sea

800 MILES ON A PENNY

An unemployed Gateshead man, Mr A. Henderson, who fought in the war, has travelled 800 miles at the total cost of one penny.

He is married, with two young children, and, having lost his employment, he set off for Scotland in search of work with a few coppers, a new pair of boots, and some sandwiches. He hoped to get work at hotels or at Glasgow Exhibition.

A friendly lorry-driver gave him a lift shortly after he left Newcastle, and that night he was in Glasgow. He did not succeed in getting work, and tramped back to Gateshead.

He again set off, this time for London, and once more got lifts on the road. Work was just as difficult to get there, and he once more tramped the roads homeward.

Free lodging-house tickets were provided in both Glasgow and London, and his long jaunt of 800 miles cost only one penny, which he paid for a piece of bread.

THE ZOO PRODIGAL

After nearly a year's freedom a black genet which escaped from its cage at the Zoo has been recaptured.

It is so long since it vanished that its absence had really been forgotten until the other day, when a keeper discovered the small cat-like animal in a shed near the Hippopotamus House. He had evidently had a great time during his long holiday, for he is now so plump that it is thought he must have been haunting the waterfowl enclosure.

THE MIGHTY ATOM

Middlesex Hospital has a new Institute of Radio-Therapy which has cost £40,500.

At the opening ceremony the other day Sir Edward Meyerstein said he would like to add an atom to the discussion, and at the end of a three-minute talk he said he would give £16,500, which, with £30,000 he had already given, would pay for the new institute. Sir William Bragg, who knows as much about atoms as any man alive, performed the opening ceremony, and we think he, more than anyone, must have been delighted with Sir Edward Meyerstein's mighty atom.

Dolls of Old China

FASCINATING discoveries have been made at Chungking in China.

They are two complete dolls' houses, with the dolls still at home after keeping house for over 1900 years. There are women and slaves and musicians, little figures no more than six inches high, all found in this ancient Chinese tomb which has been opened in the grounds of a school.

The tomb is being carefully examined by Dr David Graham, curator of the University Museum of the West China Union University at Chengtu.

We need not be surprised that dolls' houses were known as far back as nearly 2000 years, for dolls are old favourites. Their ancestors, as we might call them, dwelt in ancient Egypt in the days of the building of the Pyramids. The children of rich and poor in old Greece

and Rome played with dolls as children play with them today. Even in the Catacombs dolls were nursed by little girls; and centuries ago Arab girls put their dolls to bed, dressed them, and took them for walks. There is a story that Mohammed's nine-year-old wife persuaded the prophet to play with her and her dolls.

All over Europe and Asia dolls have been hugged by little folk who have taken them up to bed, and gone into the Land of Nod with a doll in their arms. It was the same in America, for Red Indian girls, Eskimo, and Mexican girls have all had their dolls far back in time. Dolls have been dug up in prehistoric graves in Peru. South American children at one time wrapped up the bones of a great bird in blankets, nursing them with all the tenderness of a little mother.

THE WILKIN FAMILY

Early one morning a sad little company (a mother and her ten barefooted children, a dog, and a pet quail in a cage) trooped into Parliament Buildings in Wellington, New Zealand, where they were given breakfast by the Minister for Railways.

They were the Wilkin family, and theirs is a strange story. For twelve years they had lived on an isolated farm at Doubtless Bay, at the very top of North Island. Then one day they started to walk a hundred miles to Whangarei, on their way to Christchurch, in search of help and shelter with relatives who lived there, and as their pitiful plight became gradually known kind people helped them on their way. Thus it was that they reached Wellington on the last stages of their long pilgrimage.

Let us hope a great welcome was awaiting them at Journey's End.

SINGING

We send birthday greetings to Mr Joseph Blatchford of Ipplepen in Devon. He is 88, and for more than 70 years he has sung in the choir of the local Methodist chapel.

CATCHING THE POST AT LINDI

There is no end to the usefulness of the aeroplane.

The cruiser Emerald, some distance off the coast of Tanganyika in East Africa, wanting to catch the air mail at Lindi on the coast, a landing-place for Imperial Airways on the way to England, sent a wireless message asking if it would be too late to catch the mail if they sent out their seaplane with letters.

Lindi answered that the seaplane might just get there in time, so away it flew, arriving there just before the mail plane left, and in three and a half days the letters from the Emerald were received in London!

A NEW WAY OF FISHING

Experiments are now being made by Milford Haven shipowners with a view to adopting new methods of deep-sea fishing.

For generations steam trawlers have fished on their own, each trawler dragging its own net; but a year or two ago a new system was introduced by Spanish trawlers, and British fishermen, noticing the bigger catches the Spaniards almost always landed, have at last realised that their own methods are not so good as those of their rivals.

The Spaniards have been invited to teach fishermen of the Welsh port the tricks of the trade, and now a dozen trawlers have been structurally altered in order to go to sea in pairs, dragging the trawl net between them. The change is only experimental, but there is every chance that within the next year or two the old form of single trawling will be discarded in favour of this new method.

ALLAN HEYNE'S RIDE

Remarkable endurance has been shown by Allan Heyne, a 15-year-old boy in Australia, who rode 400 miles on his bicycle from Griffith to Sydney to see his father in hospital.

He started early on a Monday morning and reached his journey's end at noon on Thursday, riding day and night and stopping only to eat his bean and sardine sandwiches. During the whole trip his longest halt only lasted an hour. He had many adventures, once losing his way and riding headlong into a creek. He reached the hospital plastered with mud and soaked with rain, but overjoyed at the thought of seeing and cheering up his father.

SOMETHING LIKE EGGS

A Zoo official has been telling us that the biggest ostrich egg ever produced there weighed three pounds 15 ounces.

As the egg was that of a specially fine bird it is unlikely that its dimensions are ever exceeded by those laid by ostriches in the wilds.

There is no other egg nowadays to compare with that one, but in the Natural History Museum are eggs of the aepyornis, a Madagascar bird whose egg, twice the size of a Rugby football, held two gallons—as much as the eggs of 150 domestic hens.

Yet this, the greatest of eggs, could not produce a chick with powers of flight. Wingless, the great aepyornis found its elephantine legs insufficient means of escape from man, and the species has now vanished.

JOHN GETS THERE

John Jemmett is 17. After matriculating at Ilfracombe Grammar School his one ambition was to enter Edinburgh University.

But Edinburgh is a long way from Ilfracombe, a journey of about 600 miles, and John's mother and father spent long hours working out rail fares, and studying timetables. As for John, he took a road map, jumped on his bicycle, and rode all the way. It took him five days to cycle to Edinburgh, and as long to ride home again, but the journey was worth all the trouble, for he has been accepted for admission to the University.

We have a notion John will get on.

FIVE YEARS IN THE GULF STREAM

For five years or thereabouts the yacht Culver is to cruise in the neighbourhood of the Gulf Stream.

A sailing ship built for a millionaire, she now belongs to the Royal Society, and after being fitted out at Grimsby she is to be based at the Marine Biological Research Station at Bermuda. With a new auxiliary engine, electrical equipment, and radio, she is to enable scientists to make records of temperature and gather examples of minute animal life characteristic of the stream; all to aid the fishing industry.

THE KINGFISHERS

It is interesting to read in the King's College Hospital Report that there are now 400 Kingfishers.

Once called the Jolly Juveniles, they are now given this name because they fish for King's, their work being to support two cots and do all they can to persuade children to take an interest in the hospital.

The Report also tells us that £118 was collected from the sale of tinfoil, double the amount collected two years ago; and the collecting of the Queen Victoria Penny Buns, which C.N. readers know all about as it was Peter Puck who first called them by that name, brought in £17.

ON LONDON'S HIGHEST SPIRE

Along Church Street in Kensington dashed one of London's fire brigades.

The crowd, scattered for a moment, gathered again to watch a tall escape run up to the spire of St Mary Abbot's Church, the tallest spire in London. No flames were to be seen. No smoke rolled in dense clouds over the roofs. No hose-pipes were run out to the nearest water-main. All that happened was that a fireman mounted the ladder till he reached a pigeon which had caught its foot in a crevice between some brickwork. There was a breathless hush while he liberated the captive, and then a cheer as the bird flew off.

STRANGE SIGHT

Captain A. R. Bell of the steamer Bombo, sailing off the coast of New South Wales the other day, saw something in the water which made him rub his eyes to see if he was really seeing.

It looked like the bottom of a cap-sized boat; but then the captain saw that the object had suddenly come to life, for a head popped up and a hefty flipper churned the water. It was a giant turtle measuring nine feet across, and although Captain Bell has been sailing the seven seas for 30 years he had never before seen such a big turtle.



Painting an old ship's figurehead at Chatham Naval Barracks

A BABY FOR A SCHOOL

The world is teeming with new ideas on education, but surely one of the most interesting is being tried out in a school at Bloemfontein, where a baby has been adopted by the health and domestic classes!

The school has successfully brought up one child already, so that the classes knew what they were undertaking. This baby is a boy. The girls are taught to look after him, and great care is taken that he does not get spoiled by so many "mothers." A cow was bought the other day when he needed more milk, the animal being useful also for nature study classes.

This novel experiment of adopting a baby caused quite a stir among the delegates of a Red Cross Conference in Johannesburg.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JUNE 25

1938

About Hero Poison

PAUL GALLICO, one of the most amusing writers on games, and himself an athlete of the first order, warns American youngsters to beware of "hero poison," composed of printer's ink which, administered in the Press to footballers, cricketers, tennis players, and golfers, gives them athlete's head and ruins them.

How many young men are puffed up and doped by newspapers which first build them up as heroes and then drop them into obscurity! They are praised as gods for some accidental trick of spinning a cricket ball, or dribbling with their feet, or swinging at a golf ball, and thus led on a path of vanity which deprives them of all that is best and most balanced in life.

Paul Gallico writes for Americans, but what he pictures a wise father saying to a sporting son is worth the thought of English fathers and sons:

You, my dear child, are just an ordinary little chap, with no more than usual of courage and brains, who has developed a physical knack which, except for purposes of exercise, will be useless to you in after life. And even that pleasure will be lost if you get too good, because you won't have any fun playing afterwards except with top-notchers who may not be available.

Lug your footballs, son, practise your mashie shots until every one splits the pin, make your marks on the record books, but remember that your actual value to the world is much less than that of the carpenter who fixes our shelves or the plumber who stops our leaks.

That was written by a master of games who knows how much and how little they are worth.

Games as a supplement to life are jolly enough and of great value. Games as a be-all and end-all are a waste of muscle and brain.

Green Pastures and Still Waters

THE Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life.

The Twenty-Third Psalm



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Safety First

WE like the suggestion that all public vehicles should be fitted with safety glass.

It is indeed a grave danger that any public vehicle should be exempt from this proper safeguard. We have pointed out before that many trams are exempt from the necessity of giving signals when they are about to stop though they are all fitted with the means of showing the red light.

The Forgotten Success

ONE of our readers suggests a little matter for the consideration of the B B C, which is now reviving what are called Forgotten Successes.

The suggestion offered to the broadcasters is that if these old plays were good enough to entertain generations of Victorians they should be played over the wireless as simply as in their original performances, and not made a medium for Sunday burlesques.

"Caste" is a melodrama from which many actors made fortunes; it was one of the great successes of such players as Sir Squire Bancroft and Sir John Hare, yet as "guyed" by the bright young people of the B B C it sounded too foolish for serious consideration and too feeble for enjoyable burlesque.

A Cup at the Mansion House

WE are quite sure Sir Ernest Benn deserves the cup the advertising men have given him, but we have much sympathy with the claim of the Lord Mayor, supported so pithily by a speaker at the Mansion House, who thought nobody could beat the City of London in advertising:

No advertising figure was ever likely to outlive Dick Whittington, and nothing lived in the hearts and minds of the people like the Lord Mayor's Show. No slogan could be better than "As safe as the Bank of England," and no signature tune was half as famous as Bow Bells.

Good Counsel

WE imagine that there is no limit to the curiosities that creep into the Parliamentary postbag, but we particularly like the envelope which reached the House of Commons the other day addressed to:

My Dear Old Government

The envelope contained much good advice, taken from the Bible.

The Streamlined Flea

AT the London School of Tropical Medicine, where many fleas are kept for examination as carriers of disease, Dr G. W. Watson has discovered an interesting fact.

Observing their wire cage closely through a magnifying glass, he found that the flea always jumped backwards. Keeping its heavy end in front, so as to resemble in principle the streamlined Coronation Scot, it let itself go two clear inches at a jump.

If the way was not clear it might land sideways, but owing to the fact that it sat down backwards at the end of its journey it was in a favourable position to look out at once for a happier landing on a return journey.

A Dutchman's Tale

WE feel that we may tell this little story without any unfriendliness to Herr Hitler, who (we are sure) will regard it as a Dutchman's tale.

A Nazi was remarking to a Dutchman that Hitler would soon be in Holland, and the Dutchman smiled and said, "Yes, I know; the Kaiser is here already."

THE BROADCASTER

SOMEONE unknown has sent £20 for the reduction of the National Debt.

BOY SCOUTS are to keep watch for fires among the trees on Cannock Chase.

JUST AN IDEA

Any man may be foolish at times, but there is no foolishness, we read the other day, like being bitter.

Under the Editor's Table

A REVIEWER complains that all the great Arctic stories have been told. Apparently they have left him cold.

SOMEBODY has given Lord Wakefield a hundred guineas. Quite a change!

A MAN refused to buy a canoe because it would be too easily upset. He turned it over in his mind.

PRESENT-DAY clothes have a splendid finish. But some of them end in the dustbin.

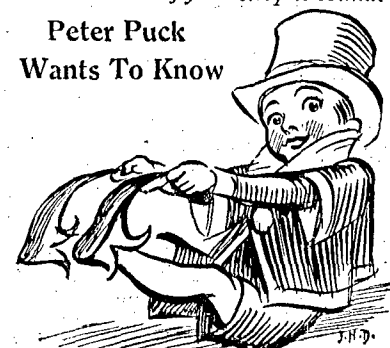
ONE is struck by the difference between the south side of the Thames and the north. It makes you cross.

SERVANTS, says a mistress, want too much fussing. But don't like to be given notice.

OWNERS of motor-cars are the most selfish individuals who ever walked, declares a judge. Usually they go for a run.

SCREAMS in dreams are usually silent. Not if your sleep is sound.

Peter Puck
Wants To Know



If our Test cricketers have a winning way

Nobody and Somebody

By the Pilgrim

WE know a little kitchen-maid in a big house.

She is a day girl, going to work before seven and leaving soon after two. She takes orders from half a dozen other servants; she is nobody in the big house.

But when she runs out of the back door Cinderella becomes a princess. Nobody becomes Somebody, for the minute she is home again (a poor home where her sister is a cripple and her father an invalid) she is the life and soul of the house.

She bustles about. She puts the place to rights. She orders her sister here and there. She sees to her father's comfort. After tea, when the washing-up is done and the little family of three gathers round the fire, she tells fairytales of what she does at the big house—how Sir Percy de Woodforde-Smith-Wilkins called to take her shopping; how her lady's-maid dropped a rope of pearls into the soup; how the Duchess of Mudwich was caught up in the vacuum cleaner; and how the Prince of Balukistan asked her to dance with him.

Such stories as you never heard this kitchen-maid tells of the big house where she is nobody to those at home where she is somebody.

Ploughman's Song

I PLOUGH the furrow deeply
And sing the song they sang
Who loved the soil of England
From which their fathers sprang!

Dear earth, for ever faithful,
How truly I am thine;
How humbly I should tread thee,
Who art so truly mine!

My father ploughed these furrows
Ere I had drawn a breath;
My son, please God, will plough them
When I am cold in death.

I plough, I sow, I harrow,
In God's good time I reap;
I labour long—yet with a song,
And royally I sleep.

The rich men in their houses
I envy not, not I;
I walk with God above the sod,
And pray below the sky.

I laugh to think I'm wedded to
The very soil I tread;
And glad am I to think I'll be
At home when I am dead!

H. L. G.

The Lowest Thing

National hatred is a curious thing. You will always find it strongest and most passionate on the lowest level of civilisation. There is a stage where it disappears altogether, where, in a sense, we rise above the nations, and feel the joys and the sorrows of a neighbouring people as though they had come to our own.

Goethe

Wise Is He

Wise is that man, and bound to grow,
Who knows he knows a thing or so,
But who is not afraid to show
The many things he doesn't know.

William Congreve

BEAUTIFUL CITY WAITING FOR THE KING AND QUEEN

Paris and the Treasures the Whole World Goes To See

The French capital, the capital of gaiety in the old days of Europe, and still the brightest capital in Europe, has been preparing with

enthusiasm for the visit of King George the Sixth and Queen Elizabeth. The City of Beautiful Things will be more beautiful still.

THERE is always some glad thing to see in the central streets of Paris, some new beauty, something to discover. Paris is a lady in a garden; she changes her dress for every season and has a mood for every day. We look down for hours from a window in the Avenue de l'Opéra, watching the smooth and almost musical flow of traffic from the Opéra to the Louvre. We walk about their gardens, watching these people taking holiday, and we feel that they have no ill-will for anyone in the world. We feel that for them, in their city of treasures, the greatest treasure of all is the simple joy of being alive.

Amazing Sights the Streets Have Seen

AND yet what sights these streets have seen! They have seen Jeanne d'Arc ride on her horse in glory, and they have seen her wounded in pain. They have seen the work of noble men and the pageantry of ignoble kings. They have heard the tramp of the feet of some of the wisest men and some of the basest scoundrels that were ever born. They have heard the rumbling of the wheels of a cart in which beautiful women were drawn to the guillotine through cheering crowds of people. They have seen thousands of people slain in mad fury. They have seen aristocrats walk to their doom in the face of a howling mob as calmly as if they were walking to their beds. They have seen the bodies of poets and artists and scientists flung into common trenches. They have seen the bones of the beautiful Saint Geneviève burned on a rubbish heap. They have seen Richard Wagner tramping the pavements a hungry man because nobody wanted his music. They have seen a poor clerk named Béranger walking from his garret to the University, listening to his songs sung on the way, not knowing that they would be immortal. They have seen Napoleon come riding home from Moscow to say that his Grande Armée was all gone.

A Treasure House and Its Matchless Collections

SUCH sights have these streets seen, and yet they are the loveliest streets in Europe, transfigured in the sunshine with a glory like a dream; and in them and about them are halls of art unequalled in the world. Let us go where everybody will go first—to the famous Louvre.

If there were nothing else in Paris but the Louvre, Paris would draw to itself lovers of beautiful things from every corner of the world. For two hundred and fifty years the Louvre has been piling up treasure upon earth, and there are no collections like these anywhere. As we stand before the glorious picture of Charles Stuart which Van Dyck painted we remember that the Louvre began with Charles Stuart's pictures bought from a banker

who had fallen on hard times, and we wonder what the Louvre would have been like today if it had been allowed to keep the stolen goods with which Napoleon almost choked it. He stole whatever he could find worth stealing; but there was a great day at the Louvre after Waterloo, when British soldiers stood on guard along these corridors while five thousand treasures were returned to their owners.

Shorn of all these old-time glories, the Louvre is still unrivalled in splendour. Its Titians are unequalled in any gallery in the world, and its Paul Veroneses are matchless. It has Raphael in every stage of his development. It has the best collection of Murillos outside Spain. Its Holbeins are superb, and it has a roomful of Rubens. Leonardo da Vinci is here with the most famous portrait in the world; and Nicholas Poussin is seen here fifty times, and can be studied properly nowhere else. If we want Velasquez, or Van Dyck, or Rembrandt, or Claude Lorrain, we find their masterpieces here; and here is some of the best work of Frans Hals.

Where glory reigns in abundance the mind is overwhelmed; who shall say which star is brightest in the sky? We walk through these halls and gaze with wonder everywhere, moving slowly on and pausing every now and then on coming to some familiar thing which all the world has decided to call great. We pause, of course, before David's Madame Récamier, whose figure in white has been seen by millions of people in the last hundred years. We pause before the fine figure by Teniers of a peasant drinking in an inn, at the Frans Hals portrait of a gipsy girl breaking into a laugh that you can almost hear.

The Strange Story of Leonardo's Smiling Lady

WE pause at the portrait of Louis Quatorze, who bequeathed to France a cancer at her heart, and we remember that, when this creature asked, "Do you find me changed?" the flattering artist answered, "Sire, I only perceive a few more victories on your brow." We like much more the portrait by the immortal Leonardo, Mona Lisa, whose face has smiled, perhaps, on a vaster multitude of people than any other woman's face since time began.

All the world knows Mona Lisa, but half the world will have forgotten the great sensation on that day when she vanished from the Louvre. The frame was found on a staircase with a finger-print on the glass, but the finger-print could not be recognised, and the most famous portrait in the world was lost. The Louvre was closed for a week; every picture-shop was searched and every seaport in Europe was closely watched, but not a word was heard of Mona Lisa. Then, after more than two years of great distress in the world of art, it was made known one day that Leonardo's smiling lady

had been smiling all the time in a garret not far from the Louvre.

It was a story of Simple Simon baffling Europe. An Italian workman named Perugia had walked one morning to the Louvre in his workman's blouse and gone straight to the gallery in which Mona Lisa hung. He was alone. He took the portrait from the wall and carried it to a staircase, where he took the picture from its frame. He put it in his blouse and took it to the garret where he lived. There it lay while all the world was seeking it, for Perugia could not hope to sell the picture. The story was that his heart burned to give to Italy some compensation for the wrong she suffered from Napoleon. We can believe that if we like; certainly he was a very Simple Simon, this Perugia.

One day he heard that an old dealer in Florence was exhibiting some famous pictures, and he wrote to him that he would let him have the Mona Lisa for twenty thousand pounds. The picture-dealer thought it all a joke, but invited Perugia to Florence, and there awaited him. The workman appeared with a rough wooden box full of old clothes and worn-out boots, and at the bottom of them all was the lovely Mona Lisa.

Mona Lisa's Return to Her Old Town

THERE was great joy in the world of art when Mona Lisa smiled again upon the world in her old town of Florence, for she was the wife of a Florence citizen when Da Vinci painted her. She held a reception in the Uffizi Gallery, and thirty thousand people, princes and peasants, rich and poor, walked past her in one day. Now she is home again, close by the garret where she lay, and one wonders whose smile is more unfathomable when they meet—Mona Lisa's or Simple Simon's?

The treasures of the Louvre are boundless. The Gallery of Apollo, one of the finest rooms in Europe, is crammed with priceless gems, with such things as Napoleon's crown, the ring of Saint Louis, and a reliquary containing an arm of Charlemagne. The treasures from the ancient world are marvellous. The sculptures alone would bring travellers from the ends of the earth. The famous Victory of Samothrace, a draped figure that seems to be swaying with emotion, found two thousand years ago in a hundred bits, stands majestic at the top of a flight of steps; and through avenues of famous marbles we walk down a long corridor to the white figure at the end, the Venus of Milo. This home of wonder that has the most famous portrait in the world has also the most famous statue.

Nothing more wonderful has been left to us of the glory that was Greece than this figure of a lovely woman, buried in the earth for centuries and brought to light by a peasant in the island of Melos a hundred years ago.

Somebody has said that it blooms with eternal youth, and nobody can count the multitude of those who have sat for hours gazing on this face and form. The story is told of a famous man who came to the Louvre one May Day long ago to take leave of the things he loved most before he lay down on a bed to die. He was looking for the last time of all on the beautiful things of this world, and he burst into tears and broke down before the Venus of Milo.

From the Louvre to the Luxembourg

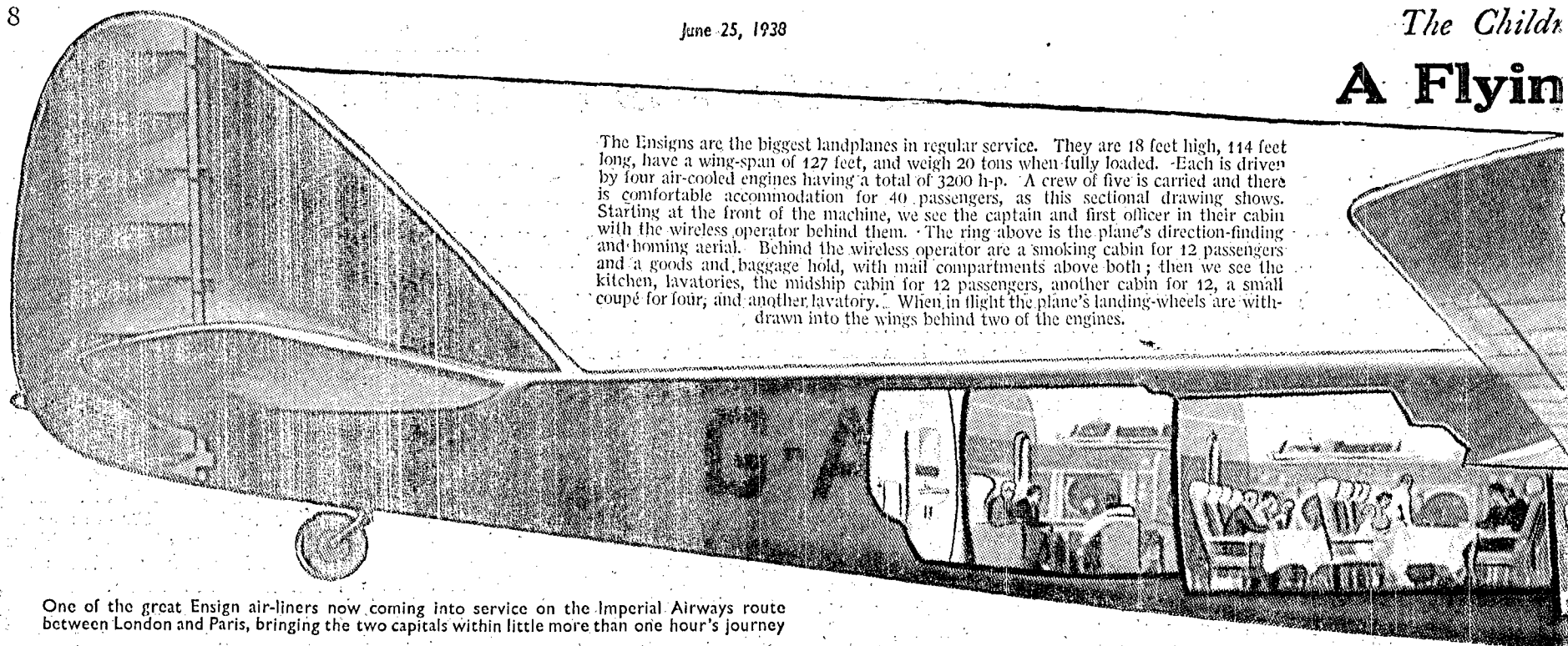
PLEASANT it is to pass from the overwhelming grandeur of the Louvre to the loveliness of the little Musée Luxembourg, as rare a Palace of Art as there is in Europe, standing in those gardens that Paris children love so well. No one was ever known to tire of this sweet place, so small, so beautiful, so filled with lovely things. Its treasures change from year to year, for some of them are carried to the Louvre as time goes by; but the sculptures and pictures of the Luxembourg are for ever a glory of Paris. Here we meet Whistler's wonderful portrait of his mother; the famous picture of a Pharaoh waiting for news, and slaying, one by one, the bearers of evil tidings; Cormon's Cain and Abel, the terrible picture of the spirit of Hate coming into the world; Cazin's moving picture of Ishmael, the mother and the boy in the desert, with a loneliness and pathos that can almost be felt. We carry away with us the memory of a girl in the sea with the wide waters stretching endlessly before her, like endless years of Time; and we remember the picture of the happy boy on the sands, and wonder what it is his sister is whispering in his ear. Here is Lavoisier in bronze, pondering and handsome; here is Versailles in autumn almost as good as Versailles itself; here are a hundred things we shall not forget.

A Comfortable and Homely Little Palace

WORTHY of this city of beautiful things, and one of its precious adornments, is the old House of Cluny, resting on foundations the Romans may have laid. Outside and inside it is marvellously beautiful, a comfortable and homely little palace of gems, filled with wonderful chests, with fascinating miniatures, with fine lace beyond compare, with ivories of almost all the centuries since the fourth, and with clocks that have ticked away the hours of this old house for many generations. Here too are astonishing Roman walls, a relic of the time when Caesar came.

One thing he learns who stays in Paris long: he is moved by the solemn tribute at the end of life. An impressive hour it is when the black

Continued on page 8



The Ensigns are the biggest landplanes in regular service. They are 18 feet high, 114 feet long, have a wing-span of 127 feet, and weigh 20 tons when fully loaded. Each is driven by four air-cooled engines having a total of 3200 h.p. A crew of five is carried and there is comfortable accommodation for 40 passengers, as this sectional drawing shows. Starting at the front of the machine, we see the captain and first officer in their cabin with the wireless operator behind them. The ring above is the plane's direction-finding and-homing aerial. Behind the wireless operator is a smoking cabin for 12 passengers and a goods and baggage hold, with mail compartments above both; then we see the kitchen, lavatories, the midship cabin for 12 passengers, another cabin for 12, a small coupé for four, and another lavatory. When in flight the plane's landing-wheels are withdrawn into the wings behind two of the engines.

One of the great Ensign air-liners now coming into service on the Imperial Airways route between London and Paris, bringing the two capitals within little more than one hour's journey

The Beautiful City of Paris

Continued from page 7

pall is hung at the door. All traffic slows down at the house of death. The soldier passes at salute, and every man—walking, riding, driving a tram or a bus or a motor-car—raises his hat. I remember a funeral in the Avenue de l'Opéra—it was that of an ordinary man. For an hour all traffic turned aside, or slowed down as it passed the house, and when the coffin came no traffic passed it at the door; cars, buses, carriages stood still or turned away, and every workman and boy who came this way paid homage and bade farewell to one more traveller to another world.

It mattered nothing who he was; the busiest part of living Paris belonged for this hour to the dead, the newcomer to Père Lachaise. There are more graves on this hillside, they say, than there are houses in Paris. They brought here long ago all that was left of the great Molière and the curious Lafontaine; they were the first bodies to lie in Père Lachaise. Then came the ashes of those two friends whose names have come down through the centuries. While the twelfth century was dawning on its way through Time, the good teacher Abélard was falling in love with his pupil Héloïse, and here, when the nineteenth century was dawning, they brought their ashes to mingle in one grave. Since then a ceaseless throng has come to Père Lachaise.

The Mighty Multitude Who Sleep in Père Lachaise

HERE came Balzac after his life of toil, fifteen hard hours a day, eighty-five novels in twenty-five years, yet with never a generous share of this world's wealth. Here came the famous Gustave Doré, who earned six million francs in twenty years with his astonishing paintings. Here lies Auguste Comte, who in a house not far away wrote his philosophy of the worship of Humanity at its highest. Here lie the artists David, Delacroix, Corot, and Jean Ingres. Here is Marshal Ney, the cooper's son who became one of Napoleon's princes and was shot as a traitor after Waterloo; and here they laid one day a man who must have had as heavy a soul as any man who ever died, for he was chief surgeon of Napoleon's Grande Armée that perished in the snows.

To Père Lachaise they come, the mighty multitude of those who sleep in Paris to awake in immortality; those whose memories are immortal they carry to the Panthéon, the vast building, a hundred and twenty yards long, where Rousseau and Voltaire and Victor Hugo lie, a disappointing place, but with some fine statues symbolising great ideas, and with a unique series of pictures by Puvis de Chavannes, who did for the life of Saint Geneviève what Giotto did for Saint Francis.

The Peasant Girl and Her Marvellous Powers

SAINT GENEVIÈVE lives in the memory of Paris as a peasant girl with marvellous powers long before Joan arose at Domrémy. She urged the people not to flee from Paris when Attila was at the gate, saying the barbarians would go; and go they did, thinking that such a brave people must be well protected. She secretly brought food to Paris in a time of siege, and saved it once again. She converted Clovis, the founder of the monarchy of France, to Christianity, and in the first church built in Paris they laid her by the side of Clovis and his queen. Her bones have been scattered and burned, but the stone coffin in which they lay remains in the remarkable church of Saint Geneviève, and close beside it the Tower of Clovis is standing still.

They have not laid Napoleon in the Panthéon; this frightful man sleeps in a house magnificent, under a gilded dome. He left six hundred thousand men to perish in the snows, but he gilded the dome of the Invalides built for the invalids broken in the wars of Louis Quatorze. Thomas Hardy has put it so:

NAPOLEON: And I intend
Also to gild the dome of the Invalides
In best gold leaf, and on a novel pattern.

MARIE LOUISE: To gild the dome, dear?
Why?

NAPOLEON: To give them something
To think about. They'll take to it like
children.

And argue in the cafés, right and left,
On its artistic points. So they'll forget
The woes of Moscow.

Now he himself lies underneath the gilded dome, in a coffin made from an English dining-table, with twelve lovely marble figures round him, and

sixty flags he captured, and somewhere behind him his old grey coat, his hats and maps and telescopes, and his little son's toys, the playthings of the little son whom France forgot. Paris gives him still her most magnificent tomb, but those who weigh things truly, those who winnow wheat from chaff, are not deceived by gilded domes; and as for most of us, would we rather not sleep unknown beneath the daisies than be the Captain of the Men of Death, the ruiner and destroyer of France, who lies under the dome of the Invalides?

The gilded dome is fading, and almost in its shadow a name is shining more and more. Next door to Napoleon is Rodin.

Once upon a time he was a ragged boy picking up a living on the kerbstones of Paris, looking up wonderingly at fine ladies riding by in stately carriages, with noblemen at their side, and the emperor sweeping past. He would forget how hungry he was in his delight at the movement and colour and gaiety in the streets of Paris in those days. And then he settled down among the artists on the hill that is called Montmartre. He would run errands for them, and sit for them when they wanted a picture of a beggar-boy. One day a sculptor pitied him and allowed him to clean his studio, and when his master was away Auguste would pick up a piece of clay and model something out of it. By the time he was 22 a famous sculptor had happened to see a piece of clay the beggar-boy had modelled, and today the name of Auguste Rodin is renowned throughout the world.

How Rodin is Remembered in London and Paris

HE never forgot that when he was a beggar-boy in Paris Robert Browning befriended him and Robert Louis Stevenson was kind to him, and one of the last things he did was to show his love of England by giving to London the noblest single collection that exists of all his works. Nor did Rodin ever forget the home of his boyhood. He bought a church and a convent and filled them with his treasures for the people of the city that he loved. Here they stand, in a church and a house and a garden, the splendid Musée Rodin. We see what one man did for Paris, the glorious things he made and left behind for

her, and we wonder at the immense achievement of his toil. Few sculptors have had the imagination of Rodin; few men have struck a rock with a chisel and brought out such great ideas. Here a boy is bursting out of a gigantic piece of stone, and the wonder of it all sets us thinking, for is not this what God Himself has done—brought us all, the earth and all that is in it, life and everything, out of elements imponderable?

We go to another house that sets us thinking, the house where Victor Hugo lived and died. We look upon the things he looked on every day. We walk through the rooms this great man loved, and in a little chamber stands the bed on which he died, with a desk close by on which lies a sheet of paper and the pen with which he wrote these words on it:

"I represent a party which does not yet exist, the party of the Twentieth Century, out of which will come first of all the United States of Europe, and after that the United States of the World."

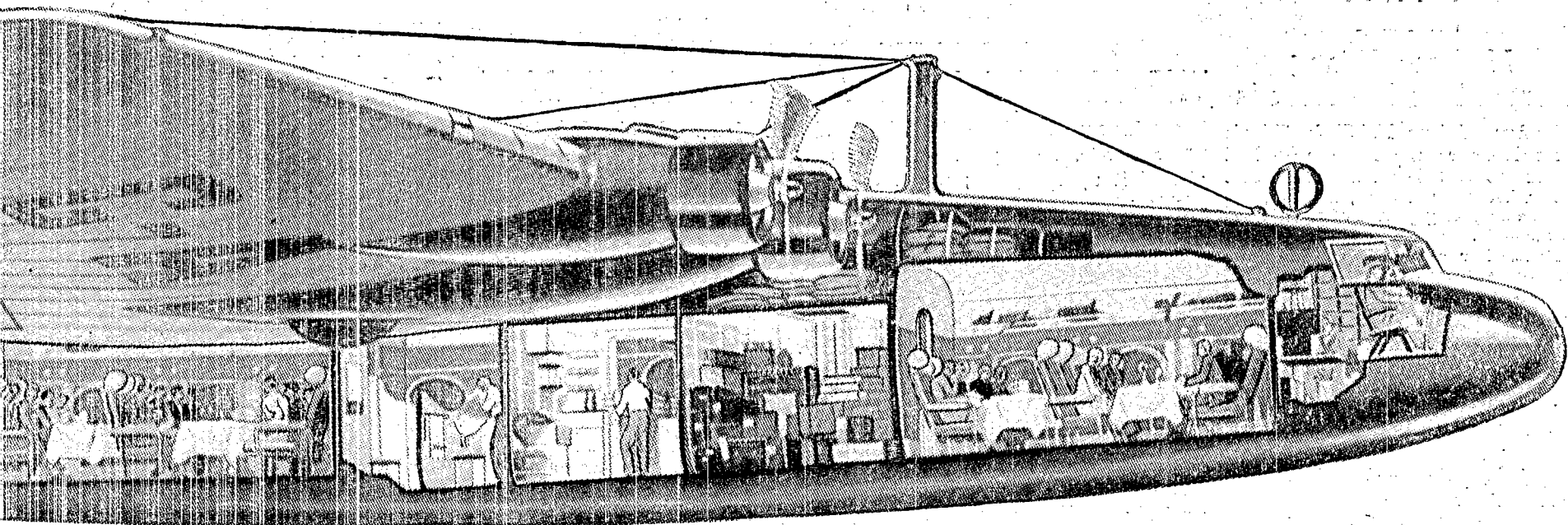
They are noble words, and France may well be proud that they were written in her capital, for she has power—unique among the nations—to bring true the dream of her Citizen of the World.

Two other citizens of the world we come upon in seeking out the noblest things in Paris. One is Madame Curie, the splendid Polish lady who would sit in the Curie Institute, in the street named after her, adding to our knowledge of the marvels of radium which she and her husband discovered; the other one is Louis Pasteur, who sleeps amid the scenes of his labours.

Within these walls where his spirit lives the body of Pasteur sleeps. He lies in as beautiful a chamber as we can find in Paris, and on his tomb are the first and last letters of the Greek alphabet, symbolising the earthly life which has a beginning and an end, and symbolising God, the beginning and end of all. Both God and man did Pasteur serve, and France has known no greater son. A king indeed was this plain man of France.

And a man indeed was that plain king of France who lives in our memory again and again as we walk in the streets he loved so well. He comes to mind a hundred times as our eyes fall on Sainte Chapelle. Paris has no purer gem to show the world than

Hotel For the Airway Between London and Paris



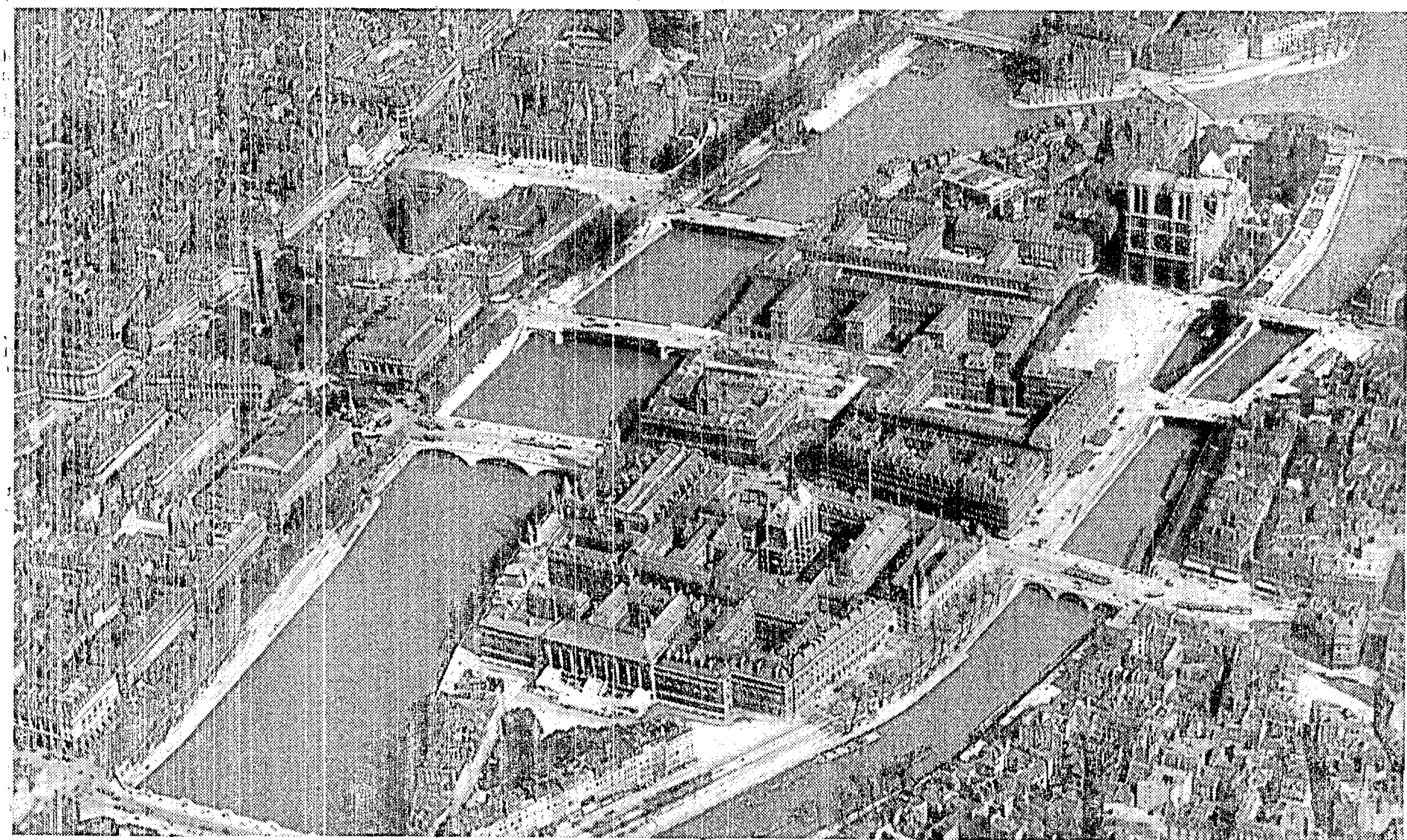
this, a little place of wondrous beauty, a precious stone that has raised itself in glory since good Saint Louis built it in the long, long ago. We see him in the Panthéon with the mother who sheltered him from harm in the terrible times in which he grew up, and we feel that there is something in the sweet peace of Sainte Chapelle fitting as a monument to this good king.

Born into a cruel world, he bore himself unstained. He stood out in Europe in dark and troubled times, and he raised the hopes of men and lifted France to heights sublime. He sweetened life and set burning a light that has never gone out, and though seven hundred years have passed away we still remember Louis, prophet, priest,

and king, ruler of France, and a shining light to all mankind through ages yet to come. It is said that miracles were wrought by his bones when he died, but we need not believe it; the miracle of Louis is his life. Amid all the destruction that has come upon Paris the little chapel that Louis built, a casket for the gems he brought from the Crusades, has stood unharmed. It is the seven-hundred-year-old wonder of this wonderful city of Paris; and this small place, with its crypt of entrancing beauty, its chapel beyond compare, and the delicate loveliness of the spire that crowns it all, will draw men to it as long as its stones endure. It takes its place, this precious piece of Gothic in Northern Europe, as

John Ruskin calls it, in that triple crown of which the other matchless gems are the Madeleine and Notre Dame. The Madeleine is modelled on the Maison Carrée the Romans built in Nîmes, and an exquisite exterior it has; Notre Dame is matchless in its splendour, and has seen the great sights of Paris from the funeral of Saint Louis to the crowning of Napoleon and Josephine. It stands where the fishermen and hunters lived when Julius Caesar came this way; it rises in the very heart of Paris; and the light of a summer's day that streams through its great rose windows, some of them more than six centuries old, is like a trailing cloud of glory streaming through the windows of Heaven.

Inexhaustible and indescribable are the freshness and richness of Paris. We walk away, however long we stay, longing to go again to see the things we miss. The Eiffel Tower that all the world knows, the University City built on the old fortifications, the great white Sacré Coeur on the heights of Montmartre, the bridges over the Seine, the Place de la Concorde, and the Champs Élysées leading up to the majestic Arc de Triomphe, with France's Unknown Warrior resting below its shadow. A hundred things there are that every traveller will want to see in this great European capital, for day and night, indoors and out, Paris is part of the bright life and the artistic glory of the world. A. M.



The heart of old Paris as the flying traveller sees it—the famous Ile de la Cité with many bridges across the Seine

CHINA'S FIRST LADY

Madame Chiang Remembers Old Friends

Madame Chiang Kai-Shek, China's First Lady of the Land, who had hoped to visit her American Alma Mater, Wellesley College, in June, has made a charming gesture of affection to its students.

As she is unable to leave China, she sent by the steamship Empress of Russia, which left Hong Kong last month, 600 presents for her old class-mates.

Madame Chiang graduated from Wellesley College in 1917 as Miss Mayling Soong, and this year she was voted an honorary member of 1938, and it is as a graceful compliment to the students and the college that she has sent these presents. They consist of 600 porcelain tea-sets of exquisite workmanship, 600 packages of special Chinese tea, and 600 Chinese flags. There are three pieces to each tea-set and a small silver spoon.

The Chinese flags, of fine cloth embroidered with the rising sun, have been made by schoolgirls and measure eight inches by twelve. Each was wrapped in a folder on which were explained in English the cardinal principles of the New Life Movement, a movement which General and Madame Chiang Kai-Shek originated in 1934 to bring a new national consciousness to the Chinese nation through the revival of old Chinese virtues.

Accompanying each of the 600 flags is a copy of the Chinese national anthem with its English translation; and flag, anthem, and New Life Movement principles were enclosed in an envelope inscribed with "Greetings from Mayling Soong Chiang."

News From a Farm

We take this scrap of news from our postbag this week; it comes from a Canadian farm in Alberta.

Spring is very late coming this year, and everywhere we go we see men and horses or tractors at work in the fields. Our season is short; usually we can begin to plough about the middle of April, but it is as well to have all seed that is intended to make grain in the ground by the end of May. When once the snow has melted and the fields are dry everything becomes very green in no time. Our wheat is generally ready for cutting by the third week in August, and from then on until "freeze-up" everyone is very busy, as you can imagine! In this country all the grain is threshed at one time, not stored in the sheaf in stacks as in the Old Land.

It is a thrilling sight to see the sheaves forked into the carrier, and the straw and golden grain coming out through different openings. Winter is quite a busy time, although most people do not think it can be. There is always the care of the stock and the cutting of logs for firewood. Our winters are pleasant, though we occasionally have a blizzard and it is bitterly cold.

So Shines a Good Deed

A little candle has thrown its beams down 125 years to light and hope to sufferers today.

In 1813 Luke Howard was asked to arrange for the distribution of some money collected to help German people who had been brought to poverty and distress by the Napoleon wars. When he had completed his task the Kingdom of Saxony, in gratitude, presented him with some Meissen vases, which were specially painted for him.

These vases were handed down in Luke Howard's family, and now his great-grandson has sold them and given the money (100 guineas) to the Germany Emergency Committee of the Society of Friends, asking them to use it for the help of Christians who wish to (or have had to) leave Germany.

Willie Douglas and the Bunch of Keys

THE FAMOUS LADY AT THE CASTLE GATE

LOCH LEVEN, a lake in Scotland, kept a secret for 237 years and then yielded it up to a boy; now Lake Michigan has received something which, two centuries hence, or whenever it is discovered, may be as puzzling to posterity as that from the little Scottish loch, but far less romantic.

Chicago being the capital of gangster lawlessness a few years ago, the police there have been celebrating their suppression of this form of outrage by a sort of triumphal sacrifice; they took a great boat loaded with firearms and other weapons collected during their old raids, rowed out five miles from the shore, and threw their grisly cargo into the lake.

Lake Michigan is over 300 miles long, from 50 to 90 broad, and in places very deep, so there is no likelihood of any immediate recovery of the arsenal of the brigands; but lakes do ultimately tell tales, and some day people finding these squandered arms will imagine that there must have been a battle, unknown to history, on the broad bosom of these waters.

In the Museum of the Scottish Antiquaries at Edinburgh there is a rusty bunch of great ancient keys which a boy, wading in Loch Leven, found on the shelving shore of the waters round Castle Island in the centre of the loch, 237 years after they had been thrown into the lake by another Scottish boy, one who had indeed made history.

Willie Douglas, aged about 16, was fascinated by the beauty of a lady of 26 whom his kinsman, Sir William Douglas, Earl Morton, had in custody in the 14th century fortress-castle on the island in the loch. Nobody could withstand her spell. A laundress had enabled her to get out of the castle disguised in washer-woman's attire, only to be detected and brought back; and another kinsman of

Willie had been dismissed from the castle for planning her flight.

Undeterred by the previous failures, Willie Douglas, while the governor and garrison officers were at supper, in May 1568, took the castle keys from where they lay on a table, unlocked the door of the apartment in which the lady and her attendant were confined, and led them to the castle gates and out to a skiff on the water.

Locking each door as he went, he secured the castle gate, threw the keys into the water, and then rowed the captives away to the mainland, while the governor and garrison of the castle remained prisoners in their own fastness.

Within 11 days of her escape the lady had an army about her and fought a battle, the Battle of Langside, in which she was defeated. Riding 60 miles, she crossed the Solway Firth and entered England, never again to leave it, but to die on the scaffold at Fotheringhay Castle 19 years later.

For it was Mary Queen of Scots whom young Willie Douglas released and rowed to liberty.

The keys remained undiscovered, and Willie's story of his having thrown them away was treated as baseless legend. Yet 237 years after a prolonged search had failed to discover them the chance touch of a bathing boy's naked foot brought them to light; and today, with their story, those keys are numbered among the most precious of Scotland's historic treasures.

The woman whom they released from captivity died a year before the Armada, after having bequeathed us, with the rest of the United Kingdom, as a lawful legacy to Philip of Spain; so the little bunch of keys was actually a far more explosive deposit than all the murderous weapons the Chicago police have just been hiding in their lake.

Songs Young Canada is Singing

HAPPY is the land in which the children sing, and happiest of all the country in which they sing of their native birds and flowers and customs.

It was enough, no doubt, for the children of the first pioneers in our Dominions to sing the songs of their fathers, but for the children and grandchildren these songs must seem a little remote. The schoolchildren of Australia, New Zealand, and Canada need something of their own. Canada's children, at any rate, now have a songbook after their own hearts, and if all its tunes are as simple and melodious as those we heard the other day in a London concert hall, with their composer at the piano, they are lucky indeed, and so is Canada. It is Mrs Ada Twohy Kent, an old reader of the C N, who has composed the music for the 27 songs by Charlotte McCoy and Anne Sutherland Brooks which form the book called *Sing a Song of Canada*. These songs are both serious and humorous, crisp and tender, and

there is a lilt and melody in the music which quickly starts one humming.

Other songs composed by her were given at the concert, among them two from poems by Egbert Sandford which have been given in the C N, where Mrs Kent first read them, and all have inspired this Canadian composer to write melodies virile and sympathetic, modern yet not too modern. We are glad that the composer came to London to show what her country can do, and we congratulate her on her success.

Mental Tickling

Modern youth lives in an atmosphere of constant mental tickling—wireless, kinemas, press, sport, speed, shouting crowds, flaring advertisement, prophets of all types offering nostrums and demanding followers.

Mr Jamison, Headmaster, North Hamersmith Central Mixed School

This Was Merrie England?

IT has been good to hear that throughout the drought, now but a memory, Fenland, with its underlying water, was producing magnificent crops, and that the farmers and their workpeople there were happy and contented.

That condition they owe to the labours of the men who drained their area, converting marsh into fertile fields and pleasant scenes of rewarding labour. If they or we forget what the old conditions meant a record set forth in one of the books of Samuel Smiles may serve as a timely reminder.

Towards the close of the 18th century there lived in the Fens a man who had married nine wives and lost each of them in turn by death. He explained that Fen men were wont to seek their wives in the upland country. Themselves born to the conditions of the low-lying levels, they were immune, but those coming from healthier places elsewhere fell victims to what was then called ague but which we know to have been malaria.

Merrie England was in reality a very grim and unhappy England.

779 TIMES

The Little Scene by the River Eske

The church festivals of springtime are often associated with local customs which began centuries ago; indeed, many of them arose before Christianity came to this country.

Many of these customs have almost lost their meaning, or new explanations have been given to them with the passing of the years.

A C N reader in Whitby has been reminding us that for the 779th occasion a little fence has been erected on the shores of the River Eske on Ascension Day, and an ancient hunting horn blown to the cry of "Out on Ye!" Whitby's mayor looking on while the bailiff blew his horn.

Sir Walter Scott witnessed this quaint ceremony of the Horngarth, or Penny Hedge, as it is called locally, and Scott records the legend thus:

*Then Whitby's muns exulting told
How to their house three barons bold
Must menial service do;
While horns blow out a note of shame,
And monks cry, "Fie upon your name
In wrath, for loss of sylvan game,
Saint Hilda's priest ye slew."*

The priest was traditionally a hermit who in the 12th century dwelt a mile or two up Eskdale in a cell on the site of which Sleight's Chapel now stands. The abbess of the great abbey founded by St Hilda would have been his patron.

The Hermit and the Barons

One morning this hermit heard the huntsmen's horns ringing through the woods about his cell, and suddenly there dashed into his little clearing a terrified boar with the hounds in full cry behind. Quickly the good hermit took the animal into his shelter and turned to face the three huntsmen, who were none other than Norman barons of the Herbert, Bruce, and Percy families.

Angrily they assailed this lover of wild creatures, and finally killed him. The murder of a holy man was a crime, even for a Percy, and the nuns met in their chapter house and solemnly imposed this penance: Ralph de Percy and his companions were to repair to the Eskdale woods on the morning of every Ascension Day, there to gather stakes and carry them on their backs to Whitby Harbour. Having set them up in the sea they were to stand in penance while an officer blew three blasts on a horn and cried, "Out on Ye!"

So runs the legend; but the antiquarian gives another explanation of this curious ceremony, associating it in some symbolical way with the duties of the ancient lords of the neighbouring manors in protecting the shores of this valuable harbour on the Yorkshire coast.

It was in this harbour that men built the ships in which Captain Cook made his first voyage round the world.

The Fox Afraid

From the rare Kent town of Sandwich comes the story of a fox cub which, having wandered from its family, took shelter in a fowl-house, and, far from injuring any of the 30 chickens in it, was so afraid of his strange bedfellows that he was found shivering in a corner.

The owner of the chickens, when she went to feed them one morning, was startled to find what looked like a puppy crouching in a dark corner. At first he was shy and refused to eat, but a plate of meat was left by him, and half an hour later he was found curled up, asleep.

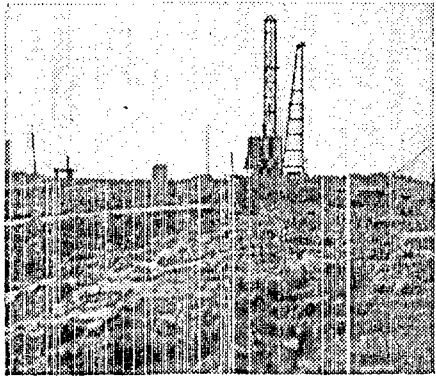
Owing to his good behaviour he has been given a comfortable straw-lined box in another shed, and the lady who found him is hoping that, as he is a very young and inexperienced fox, it will be possible to bring him up as a well-behaved house-dog—or should it be house-fox?

June 25, 1938

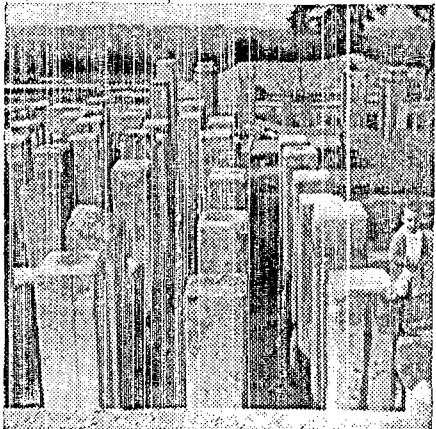
The Children's Newspaper

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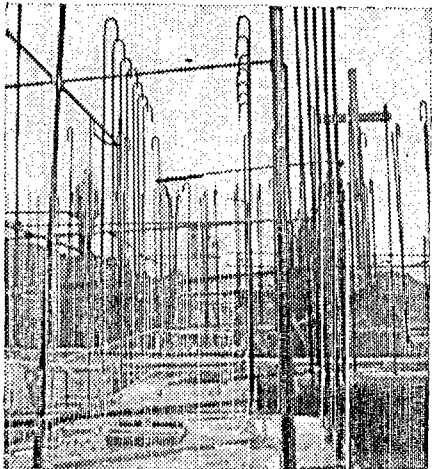
Guildford Cathedral is Growing Up



Winter 1937. The sea of mud in which early work on the foundations was done. A pile-driver is seen in the background.



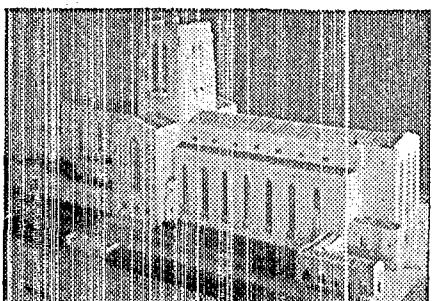
Summer 1937. Some of the 800 concrete piles which are to support the building. Each is 50 feet long and weighs five tons.



Winter 1938. A forest of steel bars rises up to reinforce the concrete walls of the crypt.



Spring 1938. The walls begin to rise—a choir-practice room, above which the lady chapel will be built.



What the finished cathedral will look like, shown in a model standing in the little wooden chapel where pilgrims are made welcome.

ALL THE WORLD AT WIMBLEDON From China to Chile

Two pictures have been in the mind of all tennis players this week—the picture of the first game of tennis played in England, on the lawn of Lullingstone Castle (which has been recalling it so quaintly after 65 years); and the picture of the 'Centre Court' at Wimbledon, the crowning spectacle of the tennis world.

In Wimbledon's map of the world this year a gap was left by the absence of the Australian Davis Cup Team. It has been bravely filled by the Australian ladies, though nobody would be so impolite as to describe them as a stop-gap.

There is less reason for doing so because this year's meeting promises to be a woman's Wimbledon. Besides the Australians, of whom Miss Nancy Wynne promises to be the brightest star coming from beneath the Southern Cross, there are the South Africans, the Americans, a South American, and competitors from most countries.

Though it might be more courteous to consider the ladies first, we must begin by repeating the question in everybody's mouth, which is whether Donald Budge of the United States will take back there the Men's Singles Championship, the blue ribbon of the courts, which he won at Wimbledon last year. Who is there to prevent him?

Our Best Player

There is our own H. W. Austin, who has just missed the Championship more than once, on one occasion by a single stroke, and of whom Budge has paid the compliment of saying he is the one opponent he fears. If the fear should prove justified great would be the rejoicing in England, for Austin, though never the champion, did as much as any man to win the Davis Cup for England. We have no other player worthy of Budge's steel, though in Filby we may have a Davis Cup competitor of the future to replace Hughes or Tuckey and others of the past.

Failing Great Britain's ability to put up a good fight for the principal honours, the rest of Europe cannot do much better. France can only send Bouissus and Destremeau instead of the Four Musketeers of the past; and the one is

too delicate for the rough and tumble of the long tournament and the other not yet sufficiently experienced. Petra, who promises well, is not coming. Czecho-Slovakia sends big Menzel, a hard man to beat on his day, as well as Cejnar; and Yugo-Slavia tries her fortune with Puncce, Pallada, and Mitic.

Strange new names are these, and it is as strange to find these small nations filling the places hitherto marked out for the larger ones. But even in front of them comes Kho Sin Kie of China, who beat Austin the other day, and is certain of a following whenever he enters the Centre Court.

The American Ladies

Now for the ladies. First there is Mrs Wills Moody, who needs one more Ladies' Singles Championship to create a record. It was always said she was slow about the court, but she got there all the same. Is there anyone who can make her run about? If not she will win again, for she has the best ground strokes of them all. Miss Alice Marble, also U.S.A., seems to be the likeliest to do so. Miss Helen Jacobs will not be so good again as she was when she won the championship. Miss Bundy, daughter of a mother who won our championship (with a blue ribbon in her hair) as Miss May Sutton, is still too young.

South Africa sends, among others, Mrs Heine Miller, who as Miss Bobby Heine was once thought by the best judges to be a champion in the making. But the years, while improving her steadiness, have not given more power to her elbow.

There are other likely challengers in Mlle Jedzejowska of Poland, Fru Sperling (once German, now of Scandinavia), and Señorita Lizana of Chile. Mlle Jedzejowska is something of a one-stroke player, though her forehand drive is the most formidable on the courts. Señorita Lizana is an all-stroke, all-court player, but seems at present to lack the fire and gay confidence of last year. And there is also Madame Mathieu of France. Four or five names remain, Miss Kay Stammers, Miss Peggy Scriven, Miss Lumb, and Miss Hardwick, of whom we hope more than we expect.

What Did Jevons Say in 1865?

We have received a note signed William Stanley Jevons, and print it here. As the celebrated economist died as long ago as 1882, we suspect that the letter is signed for him by one of his many admirers.

Dear Editor of the C N,

Your contributor who wrote on Coal in your issue of June 4 says:

He (William Stanley Jevons) said that in a hundred years the country's coal would be near its end.

This makes me very unhappy, for I said nothing of the sort. I wrote my book on Coal in 1865, and it was the Royal Commission of 1866 which misinterpreted me. As my famous disciple Lord Rhondda pointed out in his paper on Coal (read to the Royal Statistical Society in 1903):

So far from Jevons having spoken of "a period of final exhaustion," or having argued a theory involving a supposition so prodigious as that the annual increase in the consumption

of coal would continue unabated for a very lengthened period, he, from the first page of his book to the last, argued precisely the reverse.

Facing the title page of the book is a curve, below which is written: "Supposed future consumption of coal at same rate of progress, showing the impossibility of a long continuance of that progress."

Lord Rhondda showed that my real warning, that coal output at a very low price could not continue to increase in the future as in the past, had been proved true when he wrote in 1903. Now, in 1938, British coal is relatively dear and its output much smaller than in 1914.

Believe me, dear Editor, I do not blame the author of your article, but the Report of the Royal Commission of 1866, which gave currency to the story that I predicted the exhaustion of British coal in 100 years.

Your faithful and obedient,

WILLIAM STANLEY JEVONS

The Wireless Watch?

Electric clocks are already in general use, and now comes news from America that clocks and watches may soon be controlled by wireless.

Experiments have been made in Boston, Massachusetts, where clocks 100 miles away from the broadcasting station were successfully controlled.

The Hog and the Lout

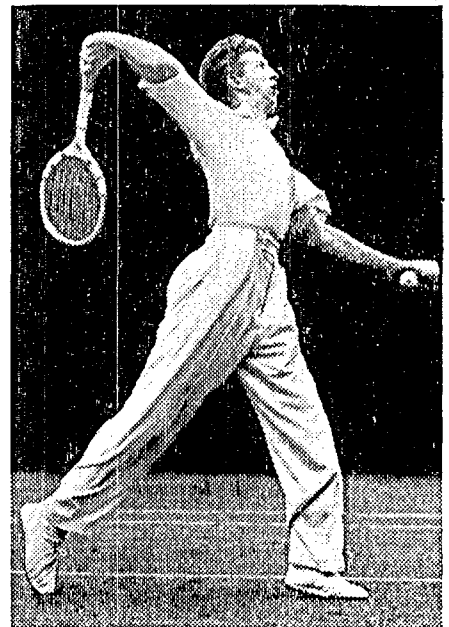
Car drivers in Budapest may now be fined on the spot for traffic offences.

And woe betide the pedestrian too, for he who scatters his banana skin on the street, hops gaily on to a moving bus, or jay walks will be pounced upon by a policeman and fined. It is Budapest's way with the road hogs and litter louts.

Players on the Centre Court



England's leading player, H. W. Austin



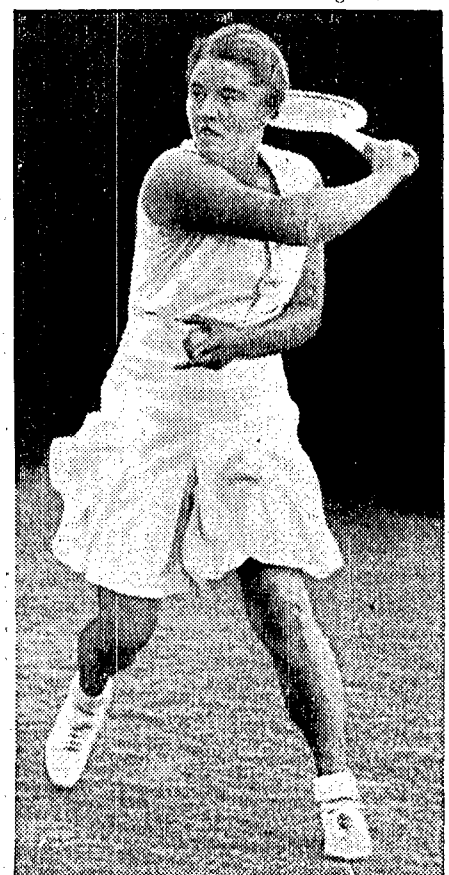
Last year's Wimbledon champion, J. D. Budge of U.S.A.



Mrs Wills Moody, U.S.A.



Miss Kay Stammers, England



Mlle R. Jedzejowska of Poland

THE ZEPPELIN AND THE HELIUM

A Question of Supplies

The irresistible lure of the dirigible having led the United States to build another airship, the question of helium supplies for the lifting gas is being closely examined.

If the United States eventually gives way on the matter of supplying Germany for her new Atlantic vessel, LZ130, there will not only be the gas required for filling the envelopes, but as much again for replacements each year. It has recently been stated that the diffusion of the helium gas through the cells amounts in a year to just about as much as the gas required for the whole ship in the first instance. If helium is sold to Germany for the LZ130, only half this replacement gas is to be sent to Germany; the other half will be kept at Lakehurst, New Jersey, the American terminal for the Atlantic service. It will also be kept under the control of the United States Navy.

It was said in the C.N. recently that there was enough helium available for a hundred airships of the Zeppelin's size. But further surveys have shown that, in time, the enormous amount of 25,000 million cubic feet could be produced. This amount would last one Zeppelin for a hundred years. But if the new American ship is successful, and it should be, combining so many new and safe features, others will undoubtedly follow, so that future supplies of helium will still have to be looked for with care.

Last Month's Weather

LONDON	RAINFALL	Tynemouth	3.26 ins.
Rainfall . . . 1.29 ins.	Falmouth . . . 3.14 ins.	Aberdeen . . . 2.59 ins.	
Sunshine . . . 161 hrs.	Chester . . . 2.40 ins.	Birm'ham . . . 1.85 ins.	
Dry days . . . 20	Gorleston . . . 1.85 ins.	South'pton . . . 1.14 ins.	
Days with rain . . . 14			
Coldest day . . . 3rd			
Warmest day . . . 14th			
Wettest day . . . 28th			

Seven Men and a Seagull

Hundreds of New Zealanders looked on encouragingly when seven strong men spent an hour in rescuing a seagull which not long ago became entangled in the telephone wires near the busy wharves of Auckland.

These seven men included two police constables, two telegraph linesmen, and three workers of the company operating steam-ferry boats on Auckland Harbour.

It was found that some heartless person had tied a piece of food to the bird's leg, and the string had become entangled in the wires connecting the Ferry Buildings and the wharves at the foot of Auckland's busiest street. For an hour the poor gull hung by one leg, its wings beating the air in frantic appeal.

It did not appeal in vain. There are kind-hearted people in every town, and very kind men in Auckland. Finding no other means of rescuing the gull, they sent to the post office for two telegraph linesmen and a ladder, and the gull was soon set free.

It was the screaming of gulls, wheeling and diving around the struggling body of their entangled mate, that first of all attracted the attention of passers-by.

Through the Rockies

A wonderful new road through the heart of the Canadian Rockies is being made from Lake Louise to Jasper, and motorists using it will see magnificent views of the giant peaks of the Rockies.

It will be 140 miles long, and when it is finished Banff, Lake Louise, and Jasper will all be linked up.

Everyone has heard of the great National Parks at Banff and Jasper, where the visitor may see wonderful alpine scenery and also (as they are wild game sanctuaries) animals such as the caribou, Rocky Mountain sheep and goats, deer, and wapiti; and this new highway will also open up a way to the Columbia icefield.

Something New About a Stamp

America has just been celebrating the twentieth birthday of the air mail, and Postmaster-General Farley has issued stamps to commemorate the occasion. At a banquet held in honour of the event Mr Farley presented Mr Roosevelt with a complete set of these stamps for his collection.

In his address at the banquet Mr Farley told of the long way the aerial postal service had travelled since the first few heroic men set out in their primitive planes to pioneer in this great cause. The latest innovation in air mail is an autogiro which lands on the roof of the Central Post Office, taking off a few minutes later with the outgoing mail.

Another interesting novelty in the stamp world is a new machine installed at the Philadelphia post office. This remarkable invention selects the correct stamps for letters, cancels them, and wets the mucilage, thus doing away with the now old-fashioned method of licking.

The Letter Bag

The Post Office has been keeping a watchful eye on letter-writers for two years, and it seems that many of our big holiday centres have, as we might expect, a vastly bigger post-bag in summer than in winter.

Thus, Brighton sends off 11,500,000 letters in the winter six months, 19,000,000 in the summer months. This increase is beaten by Blackpool, which posts 6,000,000 letters in winter and 16,000,000 in summer; and at Ilfracombe the Post Office authorities have to deal with four times as many letters in summer as in winter.

It is interesting to note that, according to the Post Office figures, some towns have more industrious letter-writers than others. Clacton in Essex averages about 40 letters for each Clactonian in the winter months, whereas Southport folk are content with 35. In Torquay the winter average is as high as 80.

ITALY'S BREAD AND OURS

Why We Have Abundance

There is now no doubt that the wheat crop of Italy will be short this year through the drought, and bread is to be economised by mixing maize flour and potato meal with the wheat.

The price too has to be raised a little, in compensation for which it has been decreed that rents and the cost of gas, electricity, water supply, and transport are not to be altered for two years.

As we grow little wheat (only about a fifth of our needs) it may be wondered why we are so well secured in food. The explanation is that we are able to command imports in enormous quantities for several reasons. We not only sell goods abroad, but we have due to us every year large sums representing freight charges for shipping and interest and dividends on overseas investments, and with these we purchase imports, so that every day ships bring to our shores huge cargoes. In this year we are actually importing food and materials to the value of £3,000,000 a day!

A Vegetable Garden For Aeroplanes

A romantic development of a new idea for growing crops without soil, for the success of which we owe so much to Dr Gerick of California University, is the use of a small coral island in the Pacific for growing fresh vegetables for passengers crossing by aeroplane.

Clipper planes already stop at the little island, and shallow tanks containing the saline solutions on which the plant roots feed will be installed, and all kinds of vegetables grown on the wire nets above, such as carrots, peas, and beans.

Wake Island, where this wonderful farm is being got ready, is a tiny spot in the Pacific, but it will certainly be a real oasis for aeroplane travellers.

AIRWAYS JUNCTION

Vancouver is to be the meeting-place for trans-Canada planes and Pacific flying-boats on the great Empire airways which are being planned. Dredging is to take place for a big flying-boat harbour near the existing aerodrome.

STONE AGE WORKSHOP

Excavators working in the Novgorod-Sieversk district of the Ukraine have unearthed ten camps of men of the Old Stone Age. Several flint and bone tools made 15,000 to 20,000 years ago were found in an ancient workshop, and bones of Ice Age animals were also found.

ARCTIC RESCUES

Planes have rescued 184 men who had been stranded in three ice-breakers in the Laptev Sea since October. They were flown to Franz-Josef Land before proceeding to Leningrad. Thirty-three members of the crews are to remain on the drifting ships until late summer.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP

METEORITE FALLS

A meteorite which fell near Santa Cruz in Mexico shook the earth so much that passengers in a train for Mexico City thought that it was an attempt by rebels to blow up the railway line.

UNDER THE POLE

Sir Hubert Wilkins plans to establish a weather observation station under the North Pole. A submarine of stainless steel, he thinks, could remain under the ice for three years, ice-drills operated from within boring a hole by which the crew could reach the surface.

DUST STORM IN JAPAN

A dust storm which struck the western part of Tokachi Province in Hokkaido ruined most of the crops and covered all houses with a thick layer, destroying five factories and several other buildings.

THE MONSOON ARRIVES

THE LOCUST PEST

Locusts in North Africa can now be fought in their own territory, for scientists have found in the Niger region of French West Africa and in the same latitude by the Red Sea areas from which they begin their migrations.

A NARROW ESCAPE

A party of tourists in Kruger National Park, Transvaal, stopped to change a punctured tyre, when other motorists saw a lion creep into nearby bushes. They gave the alarm and the tourists scrambled into their car just as the lion charged.

OIL IN NEW ZEALAND

An extensive search for oil is to be made in New Zealand and several companies have been granted drilling licences. One company which will soon begin drilling operations is bringing plant worth £70,000 from Australia.

AMAZON FLOODS

The Amazon River is now at its maximum volume, causing great floods. The area drained by the Amazon and its tributaries covers 2,700,000 square miles and it contains the world's greatest equatorial forest.

THE CELESTIAL SCORPION

Was It the Serpent of Genesis?

By the C N Astronomer

The grand constellation of the Scorpion is now the most prominent feature of the southern sky in the evening and may be easily identified by the star-map.

This is the celestial Scorpion which, according to Greek legend, stung the foot of the mighty hunter Orion and killed him. The constellation is therefore of great antiquity, and in still earlier times was represented in Egypt and Chaldea by a crocodile or serpent.

Thus we come near to the period when the Bible narrative of the serpent appears to have originated, and it is even possible that the stars which now represent the Scorpion once symbolised that figurative serpent. These stars are known to have represented a creature with a sting some 5000 years ago, when the ancient constellation of a man, known later as Ophiuchus, was represented as crushing the Scorpion's Head with his foot. If we regard the Scorpion as it was originally, a Serpent, we have a very realistic rendering of the text of Genesis that "It shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel."

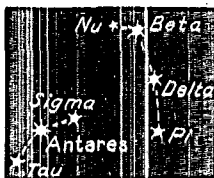
Now far beyond the few bright stars of the Scorpion, which have handed down for thousands of years this symbolic tradition, are literally millions of others, great and glowing suns whose radiance is only visible to the naked eye on a clear, dark night as streams of faint light. These are the radiating arms of our great Universe flung out into surrounding space by the whirl of forces which in the beginning first set the whole colossal mass of chaotic elements in motion, ultimately to form a glorious Universe of over 2000 million suns together with worlds entirely beyond conception both in number and variety.

All this is above us, and night by night we get a peep, here and there, into these superb vistas of radiance. Here is one. That twinkling star Beta, also known as Graffias, its ancient name, represents a magnificent solar system. Four immense spheres of whirling, fiery elements are there forming suns, and with enough material to compose at least ten million worlds as massive as ours.

A Pair of Mighty Suns

Two of those great fiery spheres form a pair of suns which mutually revolve round a centre of gravity at an average distance apart of some 18 million miles. Were they as near to us as our Sun, instead of being 28,480,000 times farther away, we should have two very much larger and intensely bluish-white suns, together radiating about 1200 times more light than our Sun, with heat in proportion. When, at their greatest apparent distance apart they would appear about as far from one another as the stars at each end of the Plough. But this distance apart would vary as they revolved in their orbit, which takes only a little over 6½ days.

If seen from our present angle these two suns would appear gradually to approach one another and then pass partly in front of each other as they raced round in their orbits, the smaller sun at the terrific speed of 125 miles a second, the other at 80 miles a second. In the distance would be a much smaller sun radiating about twice as much light as our Sun, while yet another radiating about 170 times as much would be still farther off. The whole group is about 450 light-years away from us. G. F. M.



The chief stars of the Scorpion as seen from Britain

TOWN MOOR B B C

The Tale of a Little Conspiracy

This BBC has not, as we might suppose, anything to do with our own great BBC. Behind these letters is a charming story.

It seems that five years ago a Newcastle man had his heart strangely warmed by a thought which came to him as he wandered about the famous annual fair on Newcastle Town Moor. Held every June, the fair is one of the biggest in the country, a wonderland to thousands of children who crowd about its booths and shows.

But five years ago times were hard in Newcastle, and among the boys and girls at the fair were some who had no money to spend.

The Newcastle man saw a few of these. He saw how longingly they looked at the roundabouts and swings, how enviously they watched luckier boys and girls going into the shows, and he thought of a lovely conspiracy. No sooner did he think of it than he acted upon it. He gathered together some kindly friends, calling them the Town Moor Big Brothers Club, and among them they agreed that every night while the fair was on at least two of them should wander about the fair-ground with about two pounds in their pockets. They were to be specially vigilant near the circuses and wild beast shows and roundabouts, and whenever they came upon a child, or a group of children, who had no money to spend they were to play the part of the big brother, producing wealth, as it seemed, from nowhere, and buying tickets to happiness.

The Town Moor BBC has faithfully carried out these commissions. They have clubbed together to raise funds, and now these kindly Big Brothers see to it that from unexpected quarters come welcome surprises for numerous boys and girls who otherwise could not take part in the fun of the fair.

SCHOOL BROADCASTS

Next week's School Broadcasts are the last of the summer term. On Friday a party of children from abroad will come to the studio to give their impressions of England, and to tell English listeners about their homes.

England and Wales—National

MONDAY, 2.5 Insect Enemies and Friends: by B. A. Keen. 2.30 A Song Lesson—Syncopation: by Thomas Armstrong. TUESDAY, 11.25 Youth Movements: by K. C. Boswell and "Alf." 2.5 A Day on the Seashore: by C. C. Gaddum. 2.30 Dramatic Reading from As You Like It. 3.0 Concert of works by Elgar, by the Midland Regional Orchestra.

WEDNESDAY, 2.5 The Flying Machine: by Wray Hunt. 2.30 How Animals Communicate with One Another: by H. Munro Fox. THURSDAY, 11.25 How European Cargoes are Disposed of: by Arnold Clark. 2.5 Our Village—Looking Forward. 2.30 Sports and Amusements: by Wray Hunt.

FRIDAY, 2.5 Midsummer in Spitsbergen: by A. B. Kemble. 2.30 Schoolchildren from abroad. 2.55 Junior English—A Request Programme. 3.15 Discussion—Picking up a Musical Instrument. 3.25 Foreign Affairs: by Sir Frederick Whyte.

Scottish Regional

MONDAY, 2.30 Speech Training for Seniors: by Anne H. McAllister. 3.0 Elementary French.

TUESDAY, 11.0 Speech Training for Juniors (Hard-working Twins): by Anne H. McAllister. 2.5 The Farms of Scotland—Practice with Science: by W. G. Ogg. 2.30 As National.

WEDNESDAY, 2.30 Man's Influence on Life: by A. D. Peacock. 3.0 Songs of Newfoundland and Canada: Arranged and presented by Herbert Wiseman.

THURSDAY, 2.5 Revision of Songs: by Herbert Wiseman. 2.40 Nature Study—The Web of Life: by James Ritchie. 3.5 History—In Your Day: by R. L. Mackie.

FRIDAY, 2.55 Junior English—Request Programme, chosen by listening schools.

SNAKES ABOUT

A suburb of London was terrified the other day by a report that a 12-foot python was missing from the house where it was kept as a pet.

When the reptile was afterwards found coiled up safely in a wardrobe the people of Clapton breathed again, for no quiet citizen could face a loose python without a qualm.

Something of the same kind, almost as disturbing, but with a similar reassuring ending to the tale, has lately happened at Blackburn. A window-cleaner was the first to see in the Queen's Park district of that busy town a snake in a backyard. It was not a python, but a mottled green creature about three feet long, and the window-cleaner, taking his courage in one hand and a poker in the other, struck it down. The snake collapsed, and its attacker, believing it dead, put it in a jar.

More and More Snakes

There it revived, and the window-cleaner was visited by a newspaper reporter, who told the police and the public. As the news spread one snake followed another. The Blackburn Times became full of them.

It reported that a black and white snake about two feet long had drawn a crowd in Nottingham Street; but a passing postman who had been in foreign parts while in the Army had picked it up without a tremor, and the snake, glad to find a friend, had clasped itself round his wrist and arm.

Another snake, dark brown, was less fortunate. While making its way along the garden path of a house it so alarmed the household that they called in a passer-by, who took an axe to it. That was its untimely end.

Other snakes were seen by other people, and all sorts of reasons to account for them were put forward. Some said that the plague of snakes was due to the drought, others that they came from the waterworks. A Blackburn man of the Audley Street neighbourhood where the snakes appeared said that abroad they were thought to be a token of good luck. One of his neighbours sensibly replied she hoped it was true, because no district in Blackburn had suffered more from the depression than Audley.

What the C N Thinks

And then the scare disappeared as quickly as it had arisen. The snakes were no poison-carriers, but perfectly harmless creatures kept as pets by somebody living a few streets away, who had acquired the odd fancy while travelling as head laundryman on a liner plying between Liverpool and Yokohama.

They were grass snakes, and their owner seemed to think that this was a sufficient explanation of the escape from his care of these domestic pets.

So that all is well that ends well, or so it might seem; but it occurs to the C N that people should not be allowed to keep alarming pets like 12-foot pythons, or even harmless grass snakes, unless they can keep them to themselves. If a snake may be kept as a pet, why not a tiger? The answer to that shows that the proper place for these strange creatures from foreign parts is a licensed zoo.

25 YEARS AGO

From the C N of June 1913

Rain in Egypt. Few of us would write to The Times to report that a shower of rain had fallen, but a gentleman in Egypt has sent a letter all the way to that paper to tell of a shower in Egypt. Three-quarters of an inch of rain recently fell there in a single night. The Arabs were horrified, and those who are accustomed to sleep out in huts sought shelter in houses, thinking the end of the world had come.

The explanation is simple. At Assouan, where this shower fell, rain is almost unknown. During the last fifteen years they have only twice known a heavy downpour.

THE QUAKER AND THE METHODIST

The Men the King Delights to Honour

A Methodist and a Quaker stood high among those whom the King delighted to honour on his birthday.

Sir Josiah Stamp, the Methodist, moved up to the House of Lords; Sir Arthur Eddington, the Quaker, has joined the small select company which carries on its banner the Order of Merit. Both have come to their advancement because they are good men.

Sir Josiah is one whom all would choose as a man of learning and understanding, of whom his rank is but the guinea stamp. Preacher and economist, the British Association chose him two years ago as their President. From that platform he addressed them on the impact of science on society. He was careful to say that he could not deal with the immense changes which science brought about, but only on the way in which society responded to the changes. We live, he declared, in a period of change for which science is largely responsible. We need not glorify change, but must learn to master it, so that every advance in science should bring about a change in man himself to harmonise with it for his spiritual betterment and mental development. There spoke the preacher and the man of counsel.

Distinguished Company

The Quaker in the Honours List, Sir Arthur Eddington, is at 55 the youngest of the band who wear the Order of Merit. Before him in that company have been Thomas Hardy the novelist, and with him are Mr John Masefield the poet and Dr Vaughan Williams the musician. He will meet there also Sir James Frazer, one of the most truly learned men of our day, and Sir George Grierson, the scholar of Indian languages. These are the Elder Counsellors. But Lord Baden-Powell approaches them in years, and so does Sir J. J. Thomson, who, like Sir Arthur Eddington, is a mathematician and a physicist.

But whereas Sir J. J. Thomson deals with the mathematics of the atom and its parts, Sir Arthur's head is among the stars. He is the astrophysicist, who seeks to show how the stars get their light and how the boundaries of time and space limit the movements and order of the shining galaxies where stars congregate. A great honour is the O M, for none can attain it without possessing in themselves the highest order of merit.

Old Sarum In Miniature

No toys give such lasting satisfaction as those we make ourselves; often a man has passed on to his grandson some model he made as a boy and has treasured through the years.

A competition lately held in Salisbury was for models of the ancient buildings of that city, the timbered buildings which are so attractive a feature of these famous streets.

It was the idea of Mr Locke Lovibond to arrange this competition for the children of Salisbury, and the results have been made to form a street. So successful was the scheme that next year there is to be a competition for copies of Salisbury houses built before 1820.

A New Life For Molly

Some time ago Molly, a 23-year-old mare, was on her way to a slaughter-house. An Uxbridge man happened to see her and was so impressed with her appearance that he determined to buy her. She will just do for my children to ride on, he thought, and bought her at a cheap price.

At Cranford Park, Middlesex, Molly (ridden by one of the children) has now won six out of nine races, beating several first-class jumpers.

Complete in Two Parts

TINKER'S ABBEY A Strange Story
By Gunby Hadath

CHAPTER 3

Clue?

JIM had no need to go as far as the cottages, for he encountered his old man on the previous spot.

Rather strange, he reflected. Why isn't the old fellow in the fields? And what is he doing here, anyhow?

So suspicion returned, but before Jim could frame any words his companion broke in again anxiously, "I've been mortal feared for you, lad—mortal feared."

"Why?" Jim answered, looking him full in the eyes.

"I had given you fair warning."

"Well, here I am. Tell me this: Did you know I have been camping two nights in the ruins?"

"Aye, I'd seen you go. But I hadn't seen you come back, lad."

"You've been watching for me?"

"Aye, I've been watching."

"And I suppose you haven't been to look me up in the night?" Jim said, slowly and dryly.

"Not I!" the old man cried out, in a voice of great terror.

Suspicion faded. After promising to be careful, Jim took his leave with another thought bearing him company. There was one precaution he had neglected. In his concern to exclude the nocturnal intruder from the outside he had overlooked the need of exploring inside. In other words, his wiring and bells were all right, but, extending, as they did, round the sides of the transept, they were no protection against an invader already within them.

The suggestion which flowed from this thought appeared rather ridiculous. Call the circle of wiring a boundary, except for himself there was nobody within that boundary. But equally ridiculous was it to assume that the intruder had tumbled from the skies. People who came purlers from aeroplanes hurt themselves.

This reasoning cleared Jim's mind of uncomfortable apprehension, and cleared his brain for tackling his problem afresh. He had been too startled for systematic investigation before. "But now," said he, "we'll get down to it."

So as soon as he was back he went all round the abbey, searching for a possible hiding by day. There was the hillside, there was the stream, there were the ash trees, the shrubs and weeds in a tangle up to the walls, but nowhere out here, as he satisfied himself finally, was there any refuge for his nocturnal visitor.

And now to explore the inside.

Well, he had taken that in at a glance the day he arrived. Demolished buttresses, jagged fragments of wall, shattered columns and arches, a part of the great east window breaking the sky when you stood in the transept—there was little else of the structure that Time's hand had spared; while weeds and thick, coarse grasses, with wild growth of many kinds, had long since buried the paving-slugs.

It was among these grasses overgrowing the floor that something chanced to catch Jim's eye as he was searching. This was a small object, imperfectly rounded, rather larger than a farthing, wedged vertically between the coarse blades of the grass at the base of a small broken pillar. With a little cry he bent down and picked it up. Its colour was of the earth, but no earth encrusted it; neither was there soil upon it, nor dirt. So somebody must have dropped it quite recently.

In a flutter of excitement he whipped out his handkerchief, and rubbed at this curious find which suggested a coin. A coin of some sort, but too big and too heavy for a farthing.

Almost holding his breath, he continued to rub, when some pattern—some figure—a die-stamping made its appearance. He carried it into the fullest light to examine it, and then saw that the stamping resembled a bull with its lowered head facing the west and its left foreleg pushed forward. He detected next some lettering above the bull; an A and a G showed themselves, with an S at the finish.

The rest was too worn for deciphering.

What metal was it? he speculated. Too heavy for copper. Was it bronze? Or gold?

Standing stock still with the coin in the palm of his hand, he struggled his excitement while he considered. It seemed impossible to get away from the conclusion that this coin had been dropped here by somebody not long ago. Had it been lying there for any time it must have turned rusty.

He said, "Then there must be some person haunting the abbey, some person hiding here somewhere."

He reasoned further. He said, "It's someone who wants to avoid me. Someone who has stolen back in the night for the purpose of frightening me away!"

So far, so good. He had solved, he thought, part of the mystery.

But of course his mind returned with a swing to the coin. And there he confessed himself beaten. Gold or bronze, was there ever such a weird token? It lent him no clue to the identity of its possessor. Stay! Had one of the ravens found that coin, somewhere and dropped it? Just faintly possible, he had to admit, but unlikely.

Brute force alone could have driven Jim Balding away now before he arrived at the heart of this mystery. But he made no attempt to shut his eyes to his danger. The sensation that the prowler by night might be watching him, that a pair of hostile eyes might be fixing him this very moment, assailed him once more as strongly as it had done this morning.

"Steady! Don't give way to nerves!" he reminded himself.

Yet, conscious, as he slipped the coin into his pocket, that an attitude of foolhardiness would be no good, he debated the next addition to his precautions. Last night and the night before he had gone to bed by the starlight. There was something peculiarly comforting in the prospect of a camp fire to go to bed by tonight. At once he began to clear a wide space at the end of the transept, well away from the ash trees and safe against spreading.

It was a good time, he recalled, since he'd had any food. But he couldn't eat. His nerves were at too great a stretch. However, he boiled some water and made himself tea, and had started to sip it when a sudden commotion surrounded him. The air was lashed with the sounds of wild screaming and tumult.

The pannikin fell from his fingers, and he sprang up in terror, as something went shrieking past him, brushing his cheek. Then only did he realise what was happening. His blazing fire had started out of their sleep all those countless winged creatures that

made their nests in the ruins, and was driving them to frenzied flight.

"Phew! You gave me a fright!" he ejaculated.

Having stayed on his feet until the commotion was over, he was just about to lie down again when he heard a voice addressing him out of the shadows.

"So you are still here!" said the voice.

CHAPTER 4

The Man in a Sun-Helmet

As the speaker advanced from the shadows into the firelight Jim discerned that he was a small middle-aged man, with thin features, in a loosely-hanging drill suit much discoloured and stained. His sharp eyes were watching Jim from beneath a white sun-helmet, which contributed to the strangeness of his appearance.

Then peremptorily the man exclaimed, "Have you found it?"

"I'm staggered, Jim. 'You are pretty cool!' he burst out. 'You spring out at me in this ghastly way and fire questions at me as if you'd the right to! Who are you?'"

"My name's Earnshaw. May I share your fire tonight?"

And without waiting leave the strange creature threw himself down, and, removing his helmet, passed a hand across his brow.

"So!" he uttered. "So! You expect explanations? You're entitled to them. Yes, I've been trying to scare you. Hence that cryptic message on your writing-pad."

"So it was you?" Jim muttered.

"Indeed, yes!" The stranger got to his feet to replenish the fire. "Now let us understand each other," he said. "I'll begin with a confession. I was watching you through my field-glasses talking with that labourer, and I could tell by his face that he was warning you against their legendary tinker. No, wait a moment," he bade, when Jim would have spoken. "You shall have another confession: between our two selves. It was I who revived that old tale of the tinker, expressly to keep the locals away from these ruins."

"Why?" gasped Jim.

"For excellent reasons, I wish no interference up here."

"You were afraid I should interfere with you!" Jim said.

"And have you not?" smiled the other.

Jim liked him when he smiled.

"And now tell me, lad! Tell me," he urged. "Have you found a gold coin?"

JACKO DOES THE NEXT BEST THING

DUE, no doubt, to what he had heard about the Exhibition, Jacko had "gone all Scotch."

He astonished his father one day by begging the price of a ticket to Glasgow.

"You don't know what you're asking, dear," said his mother. "It's a very long way, and would cost pounds."

But Jacko wouldn't be put off. He sneaked into the luggage van of a train going to London, and managed to get

"I thought maybe you'd laugh if I wore them," explained Donald shyly.

"No fear!" declared Jacko. "You've got it wrong. You trot back, my bonnie lad, and tog yourself up properly. Here! I'll come along with you." And off they went together.

Half an hour later Monkeyville was in an uproar, the entire population hurrying to their doors to see what the commotion was all about.



He was blowing into the pipes for all he was worth

there without being discovered. But when he tried the same dodge on the Coronation Scot he found they were too smart for him.

He got back home on a big lorry, well hidden between sacks of waste.

And there he found a surprise awaiting him. Miss Ape, their next-door neighbour, had a visitor, a Highland laddie from Inverness. She brought him in to tea, and Jacko, who had expected him to be wearing kilts, was disappointed. And said so.

It was only Jacko, dolled up in kilts, prancing along the High Street, and blowing into Donald's bagpipes for all he was worth. The noise was deafening.

"Well, to be sure!" exclaimed Miss Ape. "Donald sets such store on those pipes. I'd never have believed he would have allowed it."

The poor lad hadn't had a chance. Anticipating opposition, Jacko had bagged the things, pipes and all, and had bolted with them, turning the key in the lock as he ran.

"Yes," said Jim.

"And that's a relief!" his companion exclaimed, breathing hard. "Did you recognise it? No, of course you wouldn't do that. Did you make out the symbols on it?"

Jim brought out the coin. "There's a bull on it. I can make that out," he said. "And some letters."

"Can you read the letters?"

"Only an A and a G and an S, sir."

"And that," inquired Earnshaw, "conveys nothing to you?"

"No, nothing," owned Jim.

"How old do you think that coin is?"

"I've no idea," Jim said, handing it back.

"Nearly 2000 years," was the answer.

Jim stared.

"Oh, don't think it's been in my possession all that time," said the little man, with a chuckle at his own wit. "But here's the way of it. Those letters you deciphered are part of Augustus. That coin is an aureus. The aureus was the gold coin introduced by Julius Caesar a few years before he showed his nose in Great Britain. It's worth was a hundred sesterces, equivalent, say, to twenty shillings of our money. Interesting, eh? Our golden pound has gone. But here is one of Mighty Caesar's. And where did it come from?"

"I can't guess," said Jim.

His companion's first reply was a protracted yawn. His next was, "Well, I tell you what you shall do. You shall have till tomorrow morning to think up the answer, for I'm too dead beat to do any more talking tonight."

"But I say—" Jim began to protest.

It was no good. The other had turned on his side and gone fast asleep.

Convinced he had nothing to fear any longer, Jim, who was tired as well, let his head nod, his eyes close, and weariness did the rest. It was broad daylight when he awoke—to find breakfast ready! "Yes, it seemed a shame to disturb you," laughed his new friend.

"You were going to tell me—"

"Food first! Food first!" chirped the little man. He had put on his singular helmet but shed his jacket. Brisk he looked, and birdlike, bubbling with eagerness.

"I am going to do better than tell you," he said, "I will show you."

Jim couldn't make the words out, but he followed excitedly to the base of the broken pillar almost buried by the grasses in which he had found the coin. "Lay hold of that, lad, and shake it!"

In some amazement Jim bent over that short, jagged spire, which reached almost up to his waist, and tugged at it, heaved at it. It moved, came leaning towards him, and, as he sprang back, it collapsed. He was staring into a cavity where it had stood.

"Behold my entrance and exit!" Earnshaw said, smiling. "I must have dropped the coin here when I visited you the other night." And then he said, "Follow me!"

There was just room for his body to drop through the hole, and, dropping down after him, Jim found himself in a tunnel which led to an underground chamber.

The glimmer of light was admitted by an air shaft. "Twas I who sank that," he heard Earnshaw saying in his ear. "It comes out in one of the deserted rabbit warrens on the hillside. This was a Roman villa," he explained. "Every bit of the excavation has so far been done by myself, oh, laboriously, with great patience. I first suspected it months ago, when, while exploring the ruins one day, I picked up that aureus. For however else had a Roman coin got here? I asked myself."

Jim kept amazed silence.

"Presently I will show you the masonry and some fragments of the tessellated pavement, together with a number of the iron nails used by the Romans for securing their slate roofs. Yes, the villa was built, as I conjecture, by some Roman official. And then in process of time it caved in and Mother Earth buried it. And later along came the monks and built their abbey. 'But little dreamed they,' said the little man, chuckling, "of older civilisation under their feet!"

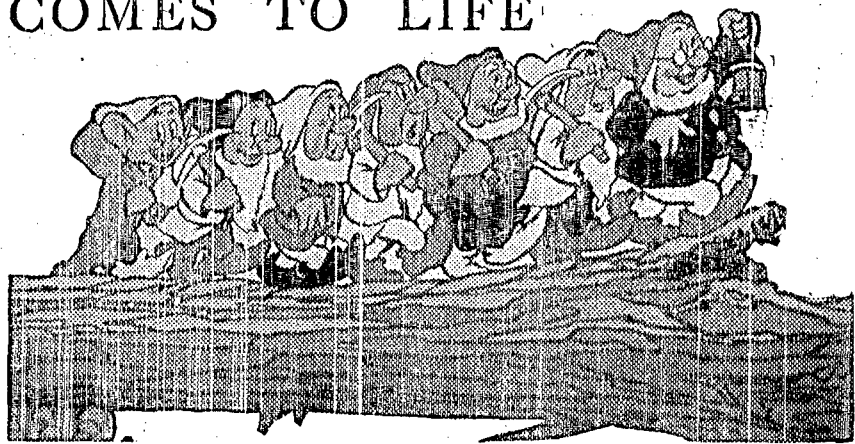
"So now, sir, I know why you kept the locals away!"

"Yes, now you know. Was it likely that I, who have been living down here since the spring, with all my requirements brought secretly, would welcome disturbance, and that before my researches were advanced enough to justify me in calling in the Government's Office of Works? Oh, no! Not likely! But now I am almost ready to hand the work over, to be carried on under my supervision."

There the happy little man paused, to run eyes over Jim. "I think I owe you some amends, lad," he uttered. "So you shall share in the honour of the discovery."

THE END

A BEAUTIFUL FAIRY TALE COMES TO LIFE



Founded on the Famous

WALT DISNEY FILM

SNOW WHITE

A SIMPLE
FRIENDLY
FASCINATING
GAME

AND THE SEVEN DWARFS

All the wistful charm of those delightful characters in the greatest fairy-tale film ever produced are reproduced in FULL COLOURS from the Walt Disney originals in this wonderful new game.

"SNOW WHITE" captures all the happy, bright, sunshine atmosphere, the ethereal beauty, the originality and the inspiration of the picture which has taken the world by storm. It is a game of

endless fascination, easy to play with cards that in themselves are a constant joy to handle.

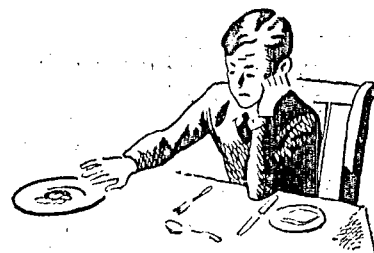
It can be played by two or more players. Each pack contains cards and full book of rules. "SNOW WHITE" is for all the family. Everyone who loves the seven dwarfs, Dopey, Grumpy, Doc, Happy, Sneezy, Sleepy and Bashful, and all the other delightful characters in the film, will love it. Make sure of a pack today.



Pepys
Series

Every good
Stationer and
Store sells
"Snow White."
Published by
Castell Bros.,
Ltd., London
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By permission Walt
Disney-Mickey Mouse, Ltd.



Billy only liked lean meat.
The golden fat he would not eat.

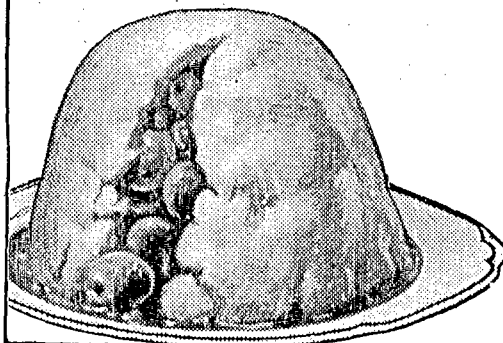


Wise Grandma said: "The way to
do it Is pudding with Atora suet."



Soon Billy grew a
bonny lad -
Top of the school
and pride of Dad.

"Atora" puddings solve the difficult problem of the children who dislike fat. The doctor will tell you that "Atora" is beef fat in its most digestible form, rich in the vitamins so necessary for youthful development. So don't worry about the children's dislikes, but give them what they *do* like - plenty of delicious puddings made with "Atora" containing all the nourishment they need.



Send a postcard to-day
for a post free copy of 100
best pudding, etc., Recipes,
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N.56a

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ATORA
THE GOOD BEEF SUET

The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

June 25, 1938

Every Thursday 2d

Arthur Mee's Children's Encyclopedia will be delivered anywhere by the Educational Book Co., Tallis Street, E.C.4.

MORE MONEY AWARDS AND CAMERAS FOR GIRLS & BOYS

Two prizes of ten shillings and 20 box cameras, each complete with a film, are waiting to be won by girls and boys of 15 or under.

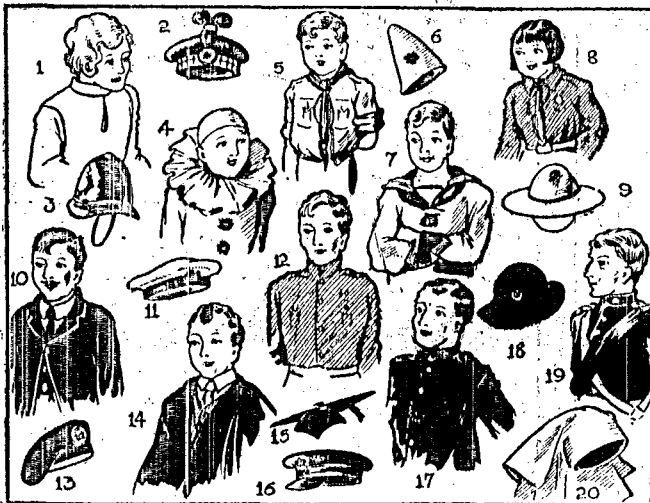
You are asked to identify the people shown in the picture and give them the hats they should wear. All the people shown are included in the following list:

Airman. Boy Scout. Chauffeur. College student. Fireman. Girl Guide. Messenger boy. Nurse. Pierrot. Policeman. Postman. Royal Scots officer. Sailor. Tank Corps private. Waitress.

Here is an example of how to write your attempts:

4. Pierrot 6.

The list should be written on a postcard, with your name, address, and age, and it should be posted to C.N.



Competition Number 56, 1 Tallis House, London, E.C.4 (Comp), to arrive not later than first post on Thursday, June 30.

Prizes will be awarded to senders of the correct or nearest correct lists, and in the case of ties senders of the best-written attempts will receive the awards, allowance being made for age.

There is no entry fee, and the Editor's decision is final.

If you are a prizewinner and your entry bears the name and address of a friend who is not already a reader and who promises to take the C.N. for a month, 2s 6d will be awarded in addition to the prize.

THE BRAN TUB

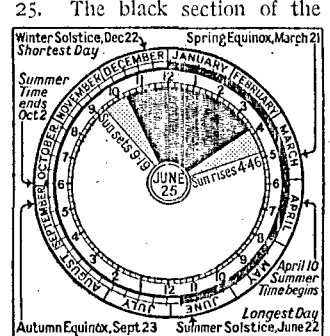
Splendid Opportunity

BILLY, applying for a position in an engineering works, asked if he would have a chance to rise.

"Certainly," was the reply. "We start work here at seven o'clock in the morning."

The C.N. Calendar

This calendar shows daylight, twilight, and darkness on June 25. The black section of the



circle under the months shows at a glance how much of the year has gone.

Guess the Name

A CHRISTIAN name (a girl's) is this. To me it doth appeal.

Reverse the letters—there are four— And take a certain meal.

Answer next week

Ici On Parle Français



Le verre de lait Le chien La nappe
glass of milk dog cloth

Le chien de Jacques a renversé son verre. Le lait s'est répandu sur toute la nappe.

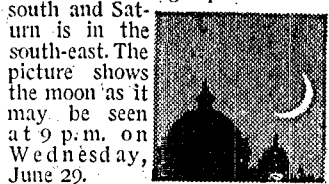
Jim's dog has upset his glass. The milk has run all over the cloth.

This Week in Nature

THE marsh-warbler is nesting. This bird makes a cup-shaped nest of dry grass, lined on the outside with horse-hair, in a bed of rank weeds such as nettles, and placed a foot or two above the ground. Four to six eggs are laid, coloured pale greenish-white with some spots and markings.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening Venus is in the west. In the morning Jupiter is in the south and Saturn is in the south-east. The picture shows the moon as it may be seen at 9 p.m. on Wednesday, June 29.



Magic Figures

HERE is a remarkable trick with figures. By taking the numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 0 and reversing, adding, and subtracting them it is possible to make the answer come to nothing. This is how it is done:

Reversed	1234567890
Subtracted	0987654321
Reversed	246913569
Added	965319642
Reversed	1212233211
Added	1123322121
Reversed	2335555332
Added	2335555332
Subtracted	0000000000

The Crab

OF him who bites my toe in pools I will not sing a ballad. All in his favour I can say Is that he's nice in salad.

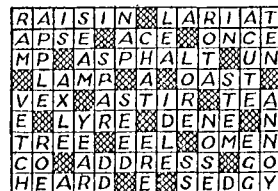
What Happened on Your Birthday

June 26. George Morland born	1763
27. Battle of Dettingen	1743
28. Queen Victoria crowned	1838
29. Thomas Huxley died	1895
30. Horace Vernet, French painter, born	1789
July 1. John Bradford burned	1555
2. Thomas Cranmer born	1489

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Arithmetic and Spelling
D—rain, M—ode, C—hat, D—rake
More Nature News. 1 Beech, currant. 2 Date, pear, service, fowls. 3 Bee, tern, deer, bear. 4 Beam, lynx, crane.
A Picture Acrostic. Boat, Oar, Yacht, Sea, Cliff, Owl, Ukulele, Tent, Seaplane.
Word With Different Meanings. Maroon

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle



FIVE-MINUTE STORY

THE scouts' hut on the common had been badly damaged in the gale, a big piece of its roof having been torn clean off, for one thing.

John and some of his chums were looking anxiously at the havoc; they had come to the conclusion that they couldn't mend it and the repairs would cost quite a lot.

"Even then it would only be a patch up; it's rather old and rickety," one of the boys said.

"We can't help that," cried John. "It's the best we've got and it must be mended somehow. I know! I'll hold a jumble sale in my

garden. Come on! Let's call on everybody all round for things to sell."

It was a lucky thought. Everybody the boys called on seemed to be able to find something that they could spare.

But in sorting things out before the sale day John found something in a torn pocket of a man's coat that made him stare. It was a crumpled £1 note.

What a find! John thought at first he would get it changed for silver and slip it into the sales box. Then all at once it struck him that to keep the find, although it wasn't for himself, wouldn't be

honest. Whoever had given the coat certainly hadn't meant to give £1 as well.

John looked at the coat and racked his brains. He remembered the coat being one of his own collecting, but he couldn't think from whom he had got it. So, jumping on his bicycle, he began a round of all the houses he had called at. After nearly an hour's hunt he found the donor and gave him the money.

"It was old Colonel Stokes," he told his mother when he got home; "and he said it served him right. I was hoping he'd say, Keep the pound for your honesty

JOHN'S JUMBLE SALE

and put it in the fund box. But no such luck."

"Never mind," replied his mother. "You've been honest. I expect the sale will be lucky; that will reward you."

The sale was lucky. And John's honesty was rewarded.

Into his garden next day stumped Colonel Stokes, and in front of everybody there he slapped John's shoulder.

"Capital chap you are!" he roared out for everyone to hear. "Put the old hut up for jumble as firewood. I'm going to treat you Scouts to a new one, and you can put the proceeds from this sale toward its furnishings."



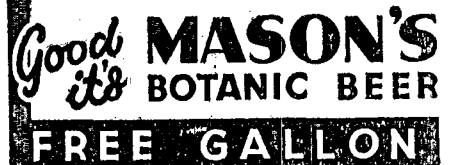
EVERYONE who tastes it enthusiastically agrees that there can be no other drink quite so delicious as Mason's Botanic Beer.

This healthful, non-intoxicating beverage is easily brewed at home from Mason's Extract of Herbs and, because of its undoubted wholesomeness should be in every household.

Send to-day for a free bottle of Mason's Extract and prove for yourself what a delightful drink Mason's Botanic Beer really is.

MASON'S EXTRACT OF HERBS

costs only 9d. per bottle—sufficient to make six gallons—from Grocers and Chemists, or fill in the coupon for a generous free sample.



TO NEWBALL & MASON LTD., NOTTINGHAM. Please send me sufficient Mason's Extract of Herbs and Yeast to make 1 gall. of Mason's Botanic Beer, with name of nearest retailer. I enclose 4d. for postage, etc.

Name and Address in Block Letters
Dept. C.N.

FUNDS URGENTLY NEEDED FOR THE INFANTS HOSPITAL

which is entirely dependent upon voluntary contributions for its maintenance. There are now 100 cots; accommodation for seven Nursing Mothers; an Out-patient Department; X-Ray; Artificial Sunlight and Massage Departments; a Research Laboratory; a Lecture Theatre; and a Milk Laboratory. Subscriptions should be addressed to The Secretary, The Infants Hospital, Vincent Square, Westminster, S.W.1.

* CORONATION PACKET *

50 Fine Stamps, many new issues. KENYA-TANGANYIKA, CAYMAN Is., COSTA RICA (large Pictorial), PERSIA, Coronation, CANADA, George VI, ANDORRA, New Issue, IVORY COAST, fine AUSTRALIA (Commemorative), DENMARK (Restoration), etc., and 4 FINE GEORGE VI CORONATION STAMPS. Price 4d. only, post free. Presented with this packet to all who ask for my approvals, a free set of 6 PERU, including New Issue, Bargains: 100 B. Colonial, 1/-; 20 Air-post, 6d.; 6 Triangular, 7d.; 12 Coronation, 1/2; 45 ditto, 5/-.. Send addresses of stamp collectors and receive an additional free set.—H. C. WATKINS, C.N. Dept., GRANVILLE ROAD, BARNET.

RESTLESSNESS IN CHILDREN

The usual cause is sluggishness. When a child's system is full of poisonous waste-matter, natural rest is impossible. A spoonful of 'California Syrup of Figs' gives gentle movement, clears away all clogging hard waste and leaves the little inside sweet and clean. Once rid of this disagreeable sour matter a child sleeps soundly and wakes up the picture of brightness.

Get a bottle of this safe laxative to-day, but be sure to ask for 'California Syrup of Figs' brand. Of all chemists, 1/3 and 2/6. The larger size is the cheaper in the long run.

CAN YOU LIFT A TEA SPOON WITH THUMB AND FINGER—

FROM THE POSITION SHOWN?

Peter Puck's Fun Fair

This picture represents a remark often made

Can you remove six of the matches so as to leave three connected squares?

ETTA CANAMANDRUMESING IN A REE

BY USING ALTERNATE LETTERS ONLY SPELL THE NAMES OF 2 FRUITS IN EACH OF THE 3 CIRCLES.

ANSWERS NEXT WEEK